

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1923

THE TARIFF OF EXAGGERATIONS

BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

IF we are asked how this present tariff got into the statutes, the answer is that it was the result of politics. That answer, however, is not satisfactory. Knowing that members of Congress, with some notable exceptions, regard most provisions of a tariff bill from the political point of view, one is forced to wonder why a great political party should have come to consider the support of high customs duties as good politics. For many decades the Republican party has been cleverly made to seem synonymous with protectionism. There are, of course, persons who honestly believe that without heavy protection our industries would be ruined, employment greatly reduced, and prosperity impossible. Those directly dependent on a duty for their very existence are protectionists by self-interest, and think the country owes them support whether or not the rest of the nation has to be bled that they may live. In the manufacturing States such elements have had great influence and have formed the nucleus of political power by the men they send to Congress. In each Congressional District wealthy manufacturers have had little difficulty in getting protectionists nominated. The combination headed by Senator Aldrich and "Joe" Cannon ruled Congress. Bargains with agricultural interests, especially on wool, cemented their autocracy.

And yet, in actual fact, it must be admitted that Protectionism has proved to be bad politics. People had been thinking and

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VOL. CCXVII.—NO. 807

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they had in course of time been educated by experience. Without going very far back, we well know that the McKinley Tariff Act of October 1, 1890, proved to be very poor politics for the Republican party. It reduced revenues by what were practically prohibitory duties; although sugar was admitted free, a bounty was granted to domestic producers of sugar. The immediate political effect was the loss of the House to the Republicans. More than that, in November, 1892, Cleveland was elected President on the Tariff issue (with 277 electoral votes to 145 for Harrison) and both houses of Congress became Democratic for the first time since 1859. "Whatever may have been contributing causes in certain districts," says James Ford Rhodes, the historian (VIII, 367), "the paramount cause of this overturn was the devotion of the Republican party to a high protective tariff." It is worth recalling that never again has the party dared to go to the country on an open distinctive issue with the tariff. In 1896, McKinley was elected President over Bryan on the silver issue. Under that cover, and without any mandate from the country, the protectionists enacted the Dingley Bill, July 24, 1897 (displacing the Wilson Act of 1894). It was immediately followed by an amazing development of so-called "trusts". But thereafter monetary questions formed the chief political issues. Bryan's distrusted monetary leadership of the Democrats kept electing Republican Presidents. Thus the Aldrich-Cannon group, sheltered from public discussion, passed the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act of 1909. But the antagonism, widespread and bitter, which was excited against this protectionist dictation grew so strong that it turned the House over to the Democrats in 1910, and swept the Republicans from power with the election of President Wilson in 1912. Then came at once, in the extra session of 1913, the Underwood Act with lower duties. Since 1914, and particularly since 1917, the World War made it impossible to judge of the effects of the Act of 1913, and in fact under abnormal war conditions we lived as if we had had a heavy protective tariff.

In the Presidential election of 1920, the issue was not the Tariff. In fact, the Republican platform excused the party from action on it in the following plank:

The uncertain and unsettled condition of international balances, the abnormal economic and trade situation of the world, and the impossibility of forecasting accurately even the near future, preclude the formulation of a definite programme to meet conditions a year hence, etc.

The election resulted in a prodigious majority for President Harding. Exceptional conditions, due to the passions of the war, turned the whole Irish and German vote away from Mr. Wilson; and the impatience with his autocratic ways, as disclosed in Secretary Lane's letters, alienated others. In order to destroy, the gods made the unwieldy Republican majority mad. It is doubtful if we have ever had a Congress more stupid, dense, untrained in economic analysis, and unfit for its job. Regardless of the belief expressed in the platform of 1920, that the abnormal economic situation forbade the formulation of a tariff programme to meet conditions a year ahead, the Republican leaders began hearings on a tariff bill in January, 1921, about two months after the election. The platform, of course, was meant only for campaign consumption; there was again no mandate for a tariff from the country. That did not worry the leaders; nor did previous experience. In order to play the mad part perfectly, as if unconscious of the political effect of high tariffs, or as if it had never heard the history of the McKinley Act and its results, Congress with inexplicable naïvete ostentatiously discussed for twenty months and finally passed (September 21, 1922) the most extreme protectionist act in all our history, a very Tariff of Exaggerations. Running true to form, just as with the McKinley Act of 1890, the country gave the Republicans a drubbing in November, 1922, and sent them back to Washington with their tails between their legs. Congress was the villain of the play. While there were other contributing causes (such as the tilt toward radicalism), the voters vented their anger on the Republican party chiefly because it had dared to make itself synonymous with extreme Protectionism, and this too in spite of a personal regard for President Harding and of the remarkable achievements of Secretary Hughes at the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament. Perhaps the most notable exaggeration connected with this act was its utter blindness to political results. And yet the long suit of Republican leaders was sup-

posed to be skill in playing politics. Are we to expect that the precedent of 1892, following the McKinley Act of two years before, is to be the guide for the country in the coming Presidential election of 1924?

II

In one serious aspect, moreover, the exaggerations of the Tariff Act have proved offensive to the nation's moral sense and dangerous to our financial position. The repayment to us of the debts, both private and public, of the Allies and other countries of Europe, is one of the most difficult moral and financial questions of the day. This is not the place to discuss the wisdom or justice of cancelling some of these debts; but Congress has passed an act requiring the refunding of the public demand debts into obligations maturing within twenty five years and fixing the minimum rate of interest to be charged at $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Besides the \$10,045,282,026 (exclusive of interest) due to our Government, there are other billions due to private concerns who have sold goods to Europe on credit. How can Europe pay these debts to us? How will this process affect our farmers and our workingmen? And how does the Tariff of 1922 touch the matter?

A country can pay her debts only by (1) gold, (2) by foreign credits, or (3) by goods. Gold has been sent to us in considerable sums already, largely because it has been driven out of countries on a depreciated paper basis; but the unpaid capital of the debt remains practically unliquidated. The granting of credits is a temporary service, a makeshift to gain time for production to bring forward goods. Large foreign loans are hard to place, in view of the destruction of capital. Therefore, from whatever angle we look at the matter, the only resource is the sending of goods. Just now many parts of Europe are producing under very difficult conditions. Political and industrial life is unsettled. Crippled and discouraged, with only a fraction of their former capital, the people generally are trying hard to produce the goods with which they can pay for our copper, cotton, meat or bread stuffs. And only as they show a capacity to produce can they obtain credit. Only as we receive their goods can we be paid for

our advances. Mere humanity would drive us to help them to exchange their goods. But, as it happens, the capacity of our factories was vastly increased during the war and we are in great need of foreign markets that will take our surplus goods. Our farmers especially depend on foreign markets. Unless other countries send us imports, they cannot pay for our exports or liquidate their debts to us.

Then, at this critical juncture, what can Congress mean by introducing preposterous and even prohibitive import duties, whose direct and expressed purpose must be the restriction of imports? If it also raises the cost of living to domestic consumers, it is so stupid and reactionary that no wonder it alienates voters from the party proposing such tariff follies. In this disturbed state of international trade, the legacy of a merciless war, every one of us in every walk of life is vitally concerned with the expense of producing goods, their prices, how much they are taxed, the freight for transporting them, whether obstacles are placed in the way of their exchange, and whether ignorant or designing minds are, for their own selfish advantage, making the acquisition of goods more costly than it should be. The exaggerated tariff is, therefore, under fire. Our farmers and our working men have their ears to the ground to find out whether our exports (on which their livelihood and employment largely depend) are to be restricted by stupid or tricky ways of reducing imports. They know we cannot sell our exports to advantage except by getting a goodly amount of imports in return. Imports must come in even if penalized. After going through the toil of producing, keep your eyes on the man who is weighing out the goods we get back for our effort. Keep your eyes on the gates through which our imports come. If Congress insists on the payment of the debts by our Allies, it is wholly inconsistent for it to raise up a tariff wall to work against the coming in of the means of payment.

III

How high that wall is may be appreciated when we find it to be higher than in any of our previous enactments on the Tariff,

higher than the McKinley (1890), the Dingley (1897), or the Payne-Aldrich (1909) act.

A new reason for high duties has added to the gayety of tariff literature. Hitherto we have long been acquainted with that ever-young member of our family known as "infant industry"; from the amount of pap it has received it has obviously grown up to be a very "Dempsey of industry". Our maternal solicitude, however, has turned to and been gratified by a new-born "War Baby". Just after the end of a war waged to put an end to wars, the godfathers of the tariff are so certain of a coming war that they feel it their bounden duty to prepare for it at once. Remembering the ruin and devastation caused in the United States by our being cut off from German toys during the war, tariff duties of 70 per cent are imposed to nourish the starving American toy war baby, whose ribs are projecting horribly from its skinny frame. It was a happy thought to start the manufacture of toys during the war from a purely humanitarian feeling for children in anticipation of the time when no child of true spirit would be allowed by our tariff to play with foreign-made toys (not even if coming from Japan). We can thereby make our children pay more for their toys. It boots nothing to have the advantages of international division of labor. No matter what it costs us, if there is anything growing under the blue canopy that we are not now producing, let us clap on a duty of 5000 per cent if necessary (cf. Senator Stanfield, *Congressional Record*, 67 Cong., 2nd Sess. p. 12514), order the American eagle to scream, and even grow cocoa and tea in Minnesota. There is no exaggeration in this pose. It is honest, farm bloc statesmanship of a high order.

The wall was made high, also, on the assumption (one must suppose) that women for some unstated reason should not be permitted to satisfy cheaply a primitive instinct for decoration. Jewelry of the cheaper kinds is charged with a duty of 80 per cent. Girls earning their own living in factories or offices find a formidable increase in duties on nets, hair brushes, pins, flowers and feathers, buttons, powder and vanity cases. Then, in order to frown on the use of such foolish refinements as cotton gloves, combined *ad valorem* and specific duties of 75 per cent are levied

on our wives and daughters. This is a higher duty than the high one in the Payne-Aldrich Act of 1909. In order to be quite sure that the dinner table of the plain people is sufficiently taxed, an *ad valorem* duty of 60 per cent is placed on undecorated china, vitrified wares, chemical stoneware and the like; if at all decorated, 70 per cent. Also, those who prefer curtains for windows instead of barren shades are charged for them at not less than 60 per cent. Laces in general are taxed at an *ad valorem* rate of 90 per cent, which Professor Taussig says is "unexampled", and he calls it "quite unblushing protection". In this conclusion he is probably mistaken, not understanding that this was the plan of far-sighted politicians to win the votes of women in the November elections of 1922. But when we come to the boys who care for pocket knives, we have been in past years descanting on the superiority of American cutlery, and how our hardware is exported and sold even in the shops of Sheffield; but in this tariff of strange exaggerations they are to be told that the home dealer can put up his price to almost any limit because he is protected from all foreign competition by duties which, reduced to an *ad valorem* rate, run from 75 to over 400 per cent. As boys are soon to become voters, they must be trained to become Protectionists by these ingratiating attentions. Nor was the disabled soldier forgotten. If confined to hospitals, he, as well as all other sufferers, is to be kept reminded of the generosity of Congress by the tariff of 65 per cent *ad valorem* on "biological, chemical, metallurgical, pharmaceutical, and surgical articles and utensils of all kinds, including all scientific articles, utensils, tubing and rods, whether used for experimental purposes in hospitals, laboratories, schools or universities, colleges or otherwise". (Par. 218.) Of course, the higher price for their hospital equipment was paid for by the Government of the United States and collected from taxpayers who thus gave a bounty to the producer. Before this act, however, such articles had been on the free list. But let no guilty taxpayer escape, when it is a question of keeping the chimneys smoking. Also, as early as November 23, *The Iron Trade Review* noted that ferrotungsten had advanced from 41 to 94 cents a pound, and tungsten concentrates from \$3 to \$7.50 per unit; and that imports had ceased.

IV

That part of the act which directly affects the receivers of small incomes, and especially the workingmen, because it touches the price of clothing, is that which relates to wool (and the textiles).

Western Europe and North America do not produce wool enough for their home consumption and are obliged to import from South America, South Africa and Australia. Before the war, out of a total annual consumption of about 525,000,000 pounds in the United States, 300,000,000 were grown at home, so that imports were 200,000,000 or less. During the war, consumption ran higher (in 1916 to 817,095,537 pounds) and, as home production did not rise materially (due to extensions of the area of cultivated land and the competition of cattle), imports greatly increased (in 1916 being 534,828,022, but falling in 1921 to 318,137,858 pounds). Before the war, imports amounted to about 36 per cent and, after the war, to about 56 per cent, of consumption. Here then is an article grown at home but necessarily supplemented by importations. Hence the perennial tariff problem. The duty raises the price of the whole supply, but the home producers get less than half of the total tax.

The need for clothing millions of soldiers and sailors in the war led the Allied Governments to buy or commandeer the bulk of the world's production. The scarcity of shipping caused an accumulation of the lower grades, mainly in Australia, until at the armistice in 1918 the surplus of these grades was estimated as high as 1,265,000,000 pounds. The industrial collapse of Europe shut off the usual demand for the medium and coarse wools at the very time when the supply was thus abnormally increased; so that prices in 1919 for the coarse kinds seriously fell. On the other hand, during the years of the war and just after, the civilian demand from the receivers of high wages and profits pushed up the prices of merinos or fine wools, especially in the boom of 1919, since the supply of these grades was small. In 1920-21, however, a drought in Australia tended to reduce the surplus of crossbreeds, coincident with better buying in the latter part of 1921, and the market improved.

The crisis in wool, as in all other prices, came in April and May, 1920. The collapse was world-wide. The decline in prices of wool by June ran concurrently in both English and American markets by from 10 to 36 per cent (heavier in London than in Boston quotations). The fall of prices in wool, as in all other goods in 1920, of course, lowered both buying power and borrowing power. To grant credit in order to carry any goods for higher prices would tie up assets for long terms and be contrary to safe banking. Hence wool paper, as all other paper, was subject to careful scrutiny and could not be freely discounted. The situation was due to world-wide causes, and not to the curtailment of credit by the Federal Reserve Board. Neither English nor American banks could expand. Moreover, the facts show that members of our Federal Reserve System in agricultural districts were granted in this period more credit than those in manufacturing districts. The demand for a tariff on wool to protect the farmers was based, of course, on a desire to bring about higher prices, even though wool was now largely produced only in the Mountain States not adapted to growing grain. Not all farmers would be thereby benefited.

As the Underwood Act of 1913 had left wool on the free list, the Emergency Act of May 27, 1921, and the Act of 1922, made a decided change. The Emergency Act put a duty of 15 cents a pound on Classes I and II, if unwashed; 30 cents, if washed (on the sheep); 45 cents, if scoured (by a mill process); and a compensatory duty of 45 cents *ad valorem* on manufactures of wool. When the Emergency Act was passed there were large stocks of wool on hand, and in anticipation of the act imports were heavy in the early part of 1921. A rise of price on all this wool did not go to the farmer; he was the gainer only on the clip in hand. Toward the close of 1921 prices of wool showed the effect of the tariff. By the early part of 1922, Boston prices ran from 25 to 35 cents a pound over those in London.

The Wool Tariff of 1922 is characterized by the abandonment of duties on grease. In past acts, as in the Payne-Aldrich Act of 1909 (and in the Emergency Act), the duty on washed and scoured wools has been double or treble that on wool in the grease. The finer the wool, as a rule, the more grease, and the

greater the shrinkage when scoured, having been thus kept out by the 11 cent duty of 1909. The wools that came in under the acts of 1897 and 1909 were those of low shrinkage. The duty of 11 cents per pound on grease wool in the last act was found to yield only 18 cents on the cleaned wool, when it was intended it should be 33 cents. This could not happen under the new duties of 1922. The House adopted the recommendation of the Tariff Commission to discard grease duties and impose a duty of 25 cents per pound on the cleaned wool, provided that in no case should the duty exceed, say, 35 per cent *ad valorem*. The Senate increased the duty to 33 cents and eliminated the proviso. In the Conference Committee the rate was fixed at 31 cents on cleaned wool. The *ad valorem* equivalent of 31 cents on clean wool at foreign costs varies according to grades from 31 per cent (on Australian 64s) to 155 per cent (on New Zealand 36/40s). The duty is less than of old on Patagonian and Cape merinos, but on crossbreeds it is higher by from 55 to 111 per cent. Imported fabrics woven of wool (par. 1108), on which the maximum compensatory duties are levied (to protect the manufacturer for the duty on wool), if valued at more than 80 cents per pound, must pay 45 cents per pound on the wool content plus 50 per cent *ad valorem*. Hereafter, let every buyer of woollen goods be prepared to open his or her pocketbook wide. Retail dealers, however, are apprehensive of a "buyers' strike." They do not look for exaggerated sales after a Tariff of Exaggerations.

V

Perhaps the greatest exaggeration next to American valuation in the whole new tariff is to be found in the treatment of dyestuffs. Here not only are our feelings appealed to because this industry is a poor "War Baby", but our fears also are enlisted because of the instant necessity of preparing for a new war in spite of any success of the Washington conference in removing the chances of a conflict in the Pacific.

Before the war, Germany had long led the world both in scientific chemical research and in its practical applications to industry. The universities and scientific schools had turned out

legions of young chemists trained with German precision who were available at low salaries. German establishments provided chemicals of great variety and at lower costs than they could be produced elsewhere, because they had the most highly skilled management, the best and latest knowledge of chemistry, long experience which had built up effective formulas (many of them kept secret and unknown to foreign competitors), a large technical force constantly experimenting, comparatively low wages, and a government ready to further, rather than to destroy, large industries and to assist foreign commerce by low export rates and shipping to all parts of the world. Then in addition, these products as a rule require detailed and careful work on small amounts of goods, not lending themselves to large production, in which machine processes and standardization, as in this country, enable goods in enormous quantities to be produced at a low cost per unit. Years of intensive labor and the adaptation of habits to the special operations of a great variety of chemical processes gave to Germans a special advantage over others. Thus is also explained her peculiar superiority in dyed textiles. In international division of labor Germany had in this industry, if there ever was such a thing, a relative advantage in comparative costs. Consequently, before the war, the dyestuffs derived from coal tar products which we used came chiefly from Germany.

As all know, the war cut off these imports from Germany to the great embarrassment of many of our industries. The dyes produced here were inferior; but the deficiency caused a high level of prices under which grew up a number of dye establishments, that invested large sums in the expectation of creating a permanent industry. These were industries engaged in producing soda ash, caustic ash, bleaching powder, dyestuffs, medicinals, products of coal tar, sulphuric, nitric, and picric acids, benzol, toluol and acetone. It happened that concerns which had been making explosives during the war were obviously fitted to change most easily into producing dyestuffs and vice versa. The most prominent firms were exposed to attack on the ground that they were of the class of dangerous combinations of large capital. After the Armistice, our domestic dye products, of course, claimed the right to protection as a "War Baby". Before the war, some

chemical industries had grown up here without protection, but the best qualities of coal tar products had long been imported.

At the end of the war, by governmental regulations and a temporary act of Congress, imports of these products had been excluded. When tariff legislation was pushed after the election of 1920, the demands of the dye industries were vigorously presented. The arguments, however, offered in their favor were not always logical. Inasmuch as high explosives and poison gas for purposes of war come forth from the same basis as dyestuffs, especially the coal tar products, it was urged as of the highest national importance that we should support them by high duties in order to be at once ready for the next war. Remembering our own unpreparedness on the outbreak of the war in 1917, the argument for future preparedness was used for all it was worth. This argument was obviously inconsistent with the unwillingness of the country to maintain a large army which would be the corner stone of preparedness. If we did not believe enough in the nearness of war to keep up the army, why should we tax ourselves to keep up large establishments ready to turn to the making of war explosives and gas (beyond the technical research laboratories necessary to keep up with the times)? Moreover, the remembrance that the Germans, against whom we had just been engaged in a bloody conflict, were the ones to be feared as competitors in these industries, if unprotected, served to influence our legislators. Both of these arguments, of course, were largely sentimental and had little economic significance. That they should have had an effect, just when Congress had obstinately decided to enact high duties no matter what the opposition was naturally to be expected. They served as a cloak for duties determined on for other reasons.

The outcome of the matter was characteristic of this act. Working on the feeling of hostility to the Germans, domestic industries demanded an embargo, or complete prohibition of imports, for at least two years. This was actually presented in the House bill, long debated in the Senate, and finally dropped. But the state of mind created led to very high duties, and—more than that—the application to these duties, by which they were very much increased, of the “American valuation”; applied it is

to be noted only to coal tar products (Par. 27, 28). To make sure that both cheaper and dearer grades should have high duties, both specific and *ad valorem* duties were imposed. On intermediate products (Par. 27) the rates adopted are 40 per cent *ad valorem*, American valuation (55 per cent until 1924), plus 7 cents per pound, and on the finished coal tar dyes (Par. 28) 45 per cent *ad valorem*, American valuation (60 per cent until 1924), plus 7 cents per pound. The outcome is as near to prohibition as could be expected, if the operation of the American valuation be taken into account.

VI

Without doubt the most alarming exaggeration of protectionism in the Act of 1922 is connected with the proposal of American valuation. Therein lies some trickery and concealed iniquity of which the public should be fully informed. While keeping an unchanged rate of duty, the actual duty paid is, by administrative provisions, strikingly increased. For more than a century *ad valorem* duties have been assessed on the foreign value, or export value, of the goods at the time and place of purchase. The "joker" of the bill was an attempt to drop this method entirely and to substitute the American valuation, (Sec. 402), that is, the wholesale selling price of a similar competitive article of domestic production in the principal markets of the United States. The reason why a duty is higher when levied on the American valuation is plain. To the foreign price is to be added the cost of containers, packing, transportation, insurance, agents' commissions, and, on this side the ocean, the duties, handling, selling costs, overhead charges and profits, in order to arrive at the American selling price. That is, if the duty were 40 per cent *ad valorem*, the duty on an article costing \$1.00 in Europe, under the old system would be 40 cents; but, under the American valuation, the duty of 40 per cent is levied on a price which includes not only a variety of expenses, but the very duty itself, so that the actual duty is at least doubled, or 80 per cent. On some goods of general consumption (china, brushes, dress goods, hose, gloves) it was estimated that the new method would have raised the duties by from 50 to 600 per cent. Since wholesale prices vary

widely for the same article in different markets of this wide land, because of the thousand influences affecting desire and purchasing power, on the one hand, and those affecting costs of production such as materials, wages, freights and the like on the other, it is impossible to find one general price. A fortune teller, rather than an appraiser, should be better fitted to tell the American selling price. The plan is unworkable. Consequently the importers and merchants of the country rose *en masse*. Since about 3,000,000 persons are engaged in retailing, they come next in numbers to farmers and Trade Unionists in the class of those engaged in gainful occupations. American valuation was seemingly defeated, being applied by the act only to coal tar products, as we have seen.

Congress tried to find an excuse for the concealed enhancement of duties in the American valuation plan by affecting a fear of an advantage in competition by those European countries which had depreciated currencies, especially Germany. Looking over all such countries (even Austria, Poland, Czechoslovakia and others) Congress evidently assumed that higher duties against all of them (for no exceptions could be made) would *pro tanto* keep out the products of all. If you have five boys of different heights standing on the floor, you do not change their relative heights by placing them on a platform two feet above the floor. So, if higher duties, but the same to all, were levied against countries having different costs of production, those countries would still be left with the same relative advantages or disadvantages. The American valuation plan levied alike against England, France, Germany or other nations, does not change their relative costs at home.

But although the American valuation scheme was seemingly discarded on the surface, like cancer, its roots still run through the Act. It is, in essence, retained in the discretionary powers granted to the President to change duties. (Sec. 315.) Whenever he finds that duties do not equalize the difference in costs of production in this and foreign countries, he is authorized to change the duties in order to bring about equalization (provided the changes do not exceed 50 per cent of the rates). Then mark the alternative. If the President finds that equalization cannot

be brought about as above, the duty by his proclamation shall be levied by the American valuation plan (315b). Already it is reported that the knit-goods industry hopes by this method to get increased protection. Thus the villain of the play is still in the house. The President can, if he chooses, let him act. The upshot of the provision is either equalization of costs or American valuation. If as we shall see, equalization of costs of production is unworkable, it looks as if American valuation were not far removed. The discretionary powers given to the President cover any and all articles and open a wide field from which corrupt pressure may be brought to bear upon him. As Professor Tausig says: "They are great and dangerous powers, almost impossible of accurate application, easily made subservient to interested pressure, full of possibilities of mistake and abuse."

VII

It is to be observed that for the first time in a Tariff Act there has been legally embodied the principle of equalizing production costs by duties. This is made the justification for the Protective system. When one comes to examine on economic grounds the partisan positions taken in support of the Tariff, there is shown up a curiously dense ignorance of economic thinking. The real reason for the duties is solely one of self-interest, to raise a barrier behind which the domestic producer shall be protected from competition, no matter what the effect of higher prices may be on cost of living. To cover this *a priori* assumption that any domestic industry is advantageous there have been brought forward various justifications, of which the main one has been that the tariff secures high wages to labor; and, allied to this claim, is the insistence that whenever the cost of production in a domestic industry is below that in foreign countries the difference should be made up by the tariff. These positions have been taken with naïve assurance, as if they were true and fully supported by economic principles and economic history.

In spite of the reiteration of Protectionist campaigners, high wages are the outcome of low costs and not of tariffs. Superior resources, skill, business enterprise, effective use of labor and

machinery, insure a vast number of units of goods in the output so that each unit can be sold at a low price and yet allow high wages to be paid. Labor is paid more, because it produces more. Industries having relative advantages pay high wages and yet sell their products in foreign competitive markets without the aid of duties. This is true of agricultural products whose prices are fixed in foreign markets, such as cotton, bread stuffs (wheat, flour, corn, oats), meat-products; and manufactured articles such as cotton goods (of lower grades), shoes, woodenware, furniture, iron and steel, machinery, glassware, petroleum-products, and a legion of other exported articles. High wages in these many and important industries are not dependent on duties.

Moreover, the much-talked-of equalizing of costs by duties is not only unjustified on economic principles but it is also unworkable. Equalization flies in the face of international division of labor, is aimed at wiping out all relative advantages, and, if carried out logically, would result in universal Protection and the cessation of all foreign trade. The high-priests of Protection in Congress are bold in saying that the greater the differences in costs the heavier the duties should be. This means, of course, that any and every thing, even though our conditions are unfavorable, should be fully protected if any producer takes a fancy to produce them. Now that equalization is officially on the statute books we may soon hope for bananas in Maine and reindeer in Florida. More than all this, even if the theory were possible, its practical working would be impossible. The costs of making a certain article are not the same in any two establishments. They could be known only by an elaborate system of card costs, which very few producers keep. Even if we introduced a compulsory uniform system of cost accounting, how could it be enforced and checked up? How could we get a figure for the costs between different producers (say of shoes) on which a duty would fall equally? Then, to complete the scheme, we should be met with the absurdity of supposing that foreign producers of competitive articles would show us the secret records of their costs. By-products would be unmanageable. No Tariff Commission could get accurate costs.

VIII

In the game of politics by which this curious Tariff of Exaggerations has been enacted, it is passing strange that we owe most of the ruthless protection to the Farm Bloc, chiefly in the Senate. In past years, manufacturing interests combined with wool growing representatives to secure protection, since wool was imported to complete our consumption and wool duties affected domestic prices. But now, one wonders if the Farm Bloc has not been cleverly duped by the Eastern groups and been handed a gold brick in this last dicker. Suffering from low prices of bread stuffs and cotton due to world causes, they swallowed the hook baited with promises of higher prices to be obtained from tariffs on imports. It seems inconceivable; but they gave the Easterners heavy protection on their manufactures and received in return duties on goods not imported (except in special cases) but which, being exported, had their prices fixed in foreign markets, and were practically unaffected by duties on imports. The Farm Bloc got nothing to speak of, but gave in return heavy duties to raise the prices of the goods they had to buy. It is an unholy alliance not likely to last. The real enemies of the farmer are the protectionists and the trade unionists: the former, because by heavy duties they restrict the means of payment for the farmers' exports, and raise the prices of the farmers' purchases; the latter, because by high wage costs and regulations they keep up freights and the prices of articles of general consumption.

The rates of this act are too high to last. Moreover, they are economically unsound and cannot stand against discussion. They contain in themselves the yeast of fermentation which will bring dissolution. No one proposes extensive or sudden Tariff changes; vested interests must be considered. But the inevitable consequence of reaction will be business uncertainty in all the industries affected by the tariff. Such must be the result of building up production more or less dependent on government aid. If we are today plagued with an epidemic of demands from Radicals for governmental intervention in all sorts of schemes, it is largely due to the example of constant requests for protective duties.

J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN.

ISLAM VERSUS CHRISTIANITY

BY WILLIAM YALE

THE Western world hailed with delight the revolution of the Young Turks of 1908, which finally resulted in the overthrow of the régime of Sultan Abdul Hamid and the setting up of the semblance of a Parliamentary system in the Ottoman Empire. The Liberals of Europe, who during the nineteenth century had seen their ideas of democracy triumph in one European country after another, rejoiced at this apparent extension of their ideas in the Near East. But in 1922 the Europeans had a wider understanding of the problems of the East and were not so likely to be deceived by the Nationalism of Mustapha Kemal and his followers from Angora.

The Liberals of the past century were almost completely ignorant of the mentality of the Orientals and unaware of the tremendous sway which Islam exerts over the minds of the peoples of the East. Even in Europe the liberal movements of the nineteenth century took a very different trend in the various countries, assuming a distinctly liberal tendency in one quarter and a nationalistic tendency, tinged strongly with reaction, in another. These movements in Germany, though resulting in the enacting of considerable liberal legislation, led principally to the creation of a strong national spirit fostered and directed by a reactionary Prussia, evolving eventually a tyrannical desire to extend Germanic culture by conquest, thus to a great extent changing and crippling the original liberal movements. The effect upon Hungary was to intensify the sense of nationality, compelling the Maygars, in order to maintain their cultural and racial supremacy, to oppose liberal developments and liberal legislation.

The Liberals of Europe, had they been conversant with the mentality of Islam, and had they followed the varying fortunes of liberal movements in the various European countries, would

have realized that the introduction of liberal ideas and ideals, which had taken more than a century to mature in Europe, would inevitably develop along strange lines in the Moslem countries of the Near East.

Those familiar with Islam realize that at the present development of Islamic culture liberalism and Islamism are irreconcilable. The power of Islam lies in the fact that ninety per cent of the Moslems are illiterate and that their customs, morals, philosophy of life and conduct, as well as their social and economic systems, are those of the unchanged Koran. Among the small percentage of educated Moslems, the minds of the greater number are absolutely closed by Islamic instruction to all progressive and liberal ideas. During the last thirteen centuries no Moslem thinkers have succeeded, or indeed even attempted, to overthrow the intellectual tyranny imposed upon Moslems by the philosophy of Mahomet and his followers. The Koran remains today the criterion of moral, social and political conduct in the Islamic world. No reformer has dared to attempt to attack the frightful moral, social and political abuses which are so glaringly a part of Islamic civilizations.

During the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth century the Mohammedans of the Near East were most adversely affected by the liberal movements in Europe through important territorial losses suffered by the Ottoman Empire. The Serbs, the Greeks, the Roumanians and the Bulgars, one after another, urged on by a new and intense nationalistic spirit and aided by different European Powers, obtained their independence of Turkey. Imperialism, an anti-liberal movement which was another European development of the past century, practically robbed Turkey of Morocco, Tunis, Algiers and Egypt. To the Turks, who are the only dominant and self-governing Islamic people, the liberalism of Europe appeared to be but new aggressions of the Christian world against Islam. This idea was also fostered by the fact that the French, American and British missionary schools in the Near East unconsciously instilled in the subject races of Turkey—the Greeks, the Armenians, the Syrian Christians—liberal ideas subversive of the Islamic political system of governing non-Islamic races.

Many of the so-called Young Turks, having traveled and studied in Europe, were impressed with the governmental power and military efficiency of the European countries more than they were imbued with Europe's liberalism. Under a decrepid and inefficient administration they saw Turkey crumbling to pieces and Islam, on all sides, being subjugated by the Christian Powers. Professing advanced liberal views of representative government and social reform, they associated with themselves the Greek and Armenian elements of the Empire, promising them political equality and religious toleration in the to be reformed Ottoman Empire.

Not long after they had attained their first aims and had rid Turkey of an antiquated and utterly incapable government, their actions and policies clearly showed that the Young Turks had interpreted liberalism and nationalism as meaning the absolute domination of the Turks, not only within the Ottoman Empire but as far as possible throughout the Moslem world. No moral, social or political reforms were either carried through or even projected; the only policy of the Young Turks was to augment and extend the power of the Moslem Turks. The liberal ideas of Europe fell victim to the tyranny of Islam. If there had been any liberalism among the Young Turk leaders, it was too much of a milk and water affair to stir them to an attempt to break the moral, social and political tyranny of Islam, which enslaves millions of Orientals. The true nature of the then new movement in Turkey, which was primarily a reaction caused by the important changes effected by liberal movements in Europe, was manifest in the atrocious massacres of Christians during and since 1916.

It can be said with confidence that at the present time, underlying many and varied impulses, the fundamental movement among the Moslems of the Near and Middle East—the Kemalists of Anatolia, the Arab unrest of Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia, the Nationalists of Egypt, the Moslem movement of India—is an Islamic movement directed against Christian culture and Western civilization. At the present stage of development of these various movements, the leaders and people of all the other Moslem countries look to Mustapha Kemal and the Turks to

establish again a great Moslem Power, which in time will free them from the domination of the hated Christians.

The present victory of the Kemalists over the Greeks, and their threat to the Balkan States, assume an importance which Great Britain was prompt to recognize and to reply to by calling upon the Dominions to send contingents to repel the attacks of the Turks. It is to be seen whether the Liberals in all the countries of the West will recognize in the challenge of the Turks a challenge from Islam to the Christian world.

The Orientals, and the Moslems in particular, have many just grievances against the West. The methods of the Christian Powers of the West in dealing with the East have, more frequently than not, been far from above reproach. The West has often dealt unjustly with the Orientals; it has broken faith with them time and time again; it has exploited the East for the benefit of the West; it has above all else failed conspicuously in any attempt to use its domination to spread education and enlightenment and to carry out its widely proclaimed ideals of justice and liberalism. The Islamic world has in fact some justifiable reasons to fight against the tyranny and oppression of Europe. But nevertheless the Liberals of the West should not fail to realize at this important crisis that Islamism in its present form is incompatible with the best in Western civilization, and that any extension or consolidation of Islamic power means an extension and reinforcement of a most odious moral, social and political system. Islam is the bitter enemy of all progress and all liberalism. The return of the Turks to Europe will mean a blow to the growth and development of human progress, and it will mean that the forces of barbarism are again established within the gates of Europe. In self-defense the people of the West must turn a stern and determined face against Islam, until such a time as there shall rise up among the Moslems fearless leaders who themselves will smash the debasing tyranny of Islamism which for centuries has corrupted the minds and souls and bodies of countless millions of Orientals.

WILLIAM YALE.

Port Said, Egypt.

A SENTINEL ON GUARD

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

It is always a privilege to be admitted to intimacy with an interesting personality, particularly when the person in question has lived long at a centre of action where great events have been witnessed and ability to make a real contribution to knowledge has been acquired. It is in the hope of some such good fortune that we open with eagerness the memoirs of men who have played active parts in public life. Hitherto this opportunity has generally been denied to contemporaries. Disclosures of personal relations of a public character have usually been reserved for posthumous publication, and sometimes withheld for several generations. A new fashion in this regard now seems to prevail, and not only diplomatists but prime ministers, and even kings and emperors, hasten to publish their autobiographies, in the endeavor to influence history while it is still in the state of formation. It is not without a degree of suspicion, however, that the critical reader opens one of these self-revelations when it is apparent that the aim of the author is to present an *apologia pro sua vita*. One is often reminded of the observation of Albert Sorel, that great master of diplomatic history, regarding the memoirs of Talleyrand, which he described as "an attempt to negotiate with posterity", with the author "intriguing" as he writes.

It is, therefore, a delight to have spread before one's eyes the thoughts and impressions of a sagacious observer who wrote in the midst of a stupendous world drama from the very centre of the stage without the slightest idea of influencing posterity, and indeed with no suspicion that he was writing for publication either in his own generation or at any time. Such a book we have before us in *The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page*.

These two stately volumes will be widely read for more than one reason. They possess the charm of spontaneous expression,

they throw new light upon many important matters, and they manifest a frankness of disclosure quite uncommon with diplomats. We are not informed whether or not all or any of the confidences in these letters were intended by Mr. Page to be given to the public, and so soon; but, having now become public property, they will pass into history, qualified or unqualified, as the case may be. It is inevitable that a phenomenon so unique as the publication of these letters should give rise to divergent opinions. Without reserve, and with unexampled promptitude, Mr. Hendrick has conducted us into the inmost penetralia of Page's sanctum sanctorum. We can almost hear him think.

There is no evidence in these volumes that President Wilson, at the time Mr. Page was sent to London, supposed there was any specially important work for the American Ambassador to do. It would appear, in fact, that few Presidents have ever thought that any American Ambassador in time of peace had any very important tasks to accomplish. The post was regarded chiefly as a coveted honor, next in rank to a position in the Cabinet. There was between the President and Mr. Page a long and close friendship, dating from their boyhood. To Page the old labels "Democrat" and "Republican" had ceased to have meaning. He was looking for a new evangel, and Wilson was the "way out". A Southerner who wanted a new South, in hardly any degree a partisan, Page was intensely a democrat, in the sense in which he understood democracy; which with him was not a creed or a reality, but an ideal inspired by an ardent interest in the "forgotten man". Believing in Wilson as a kindred spirit, as early as 1910 he had visited him to urge him to accept the Governorship of New Jersey; "then the Presidency".

"Do you think I can do it, Page?" asked the hesitating Wilson.

"I am sure you can," was the reply.

It was Page who made Wilson acquainted with Colonel House, an event which won him Texas and made House an adviser and a confidant. It was Page also who proposed that he should deliver his messages to Congress in person. Page was thought of by his friends for Secretary of Agriculture, but he recommended Houston, who was appointed. The Interior was also suggested, but Page was a Southerner and the Department had to deal with the

pension bureau and its hundreds of thousands of Civil War veterans. That would never do; and so, after Page had been summoned to appear, an excuse had to be offered for calling him, and he was shown a tentative list of the new Cabinet and asked what he thought of it, as if he had been sent for merely to obtain his advice.

When Colonel House showed him the list, the first name that attracted his attention was that of Josephus Daniels, as Secretary of the Navy, to which Page promptly expressed his dissent.

"Why, don't you think he is Cabinet timber?" inquired Colonel House.

"Timber!" Page shouted. "He isn't a splinter!" and he took the train to offer his protest to the President-elect at Princeton, where he learned that, as the offer had already been made, Mr. Daniels would be appointed.

On December 31, 1912, Page records his distrust of some of the President's advisers, if not of himself. Little attention appears to have been given to his own recommendations, and he thought the President too inaccessible to suggestion and too silent. "The Sphinx was garrulous in comparison," he writes, in his characteristic vein of picturesque exaggeration. But what had he to lose, he asks himself, whose life was too well planned to be affected by the sentiments of others toward him or "fear of any man"? Did the President know men? Did he know the men about him?

While Page was in this doubtful mood, having retreated into that inner shrine of patriotic faith where a man feels himself on a level high above the scramble for public office, the telephone rang one morning and Colonel House greeted him as "Your Excellency". "What the devil are you talking about?" asked Page. The answer was that the President had decided to appoint him Ambassador to Great Britain.

At the time of his appointment Mr. Page was probably less known by the people than most of his predecessors when they were first named, and yet he had long been a successful editor of *The Forum*, of *The Atlantic Monthly* and finally of *The World's Work*, and had been prominent in the promotion of educational progress in the South. By taste, by his habits of mind, by the

whole shaping of his career, and in his style of writing, he had been, in the best sense of the word, a journalist; and modern journalism is increasingly impersonal. But when we stop to reflect upon it, is there any calling in life that better fits a man, outside of special study and actual experience in diplomacy, to represent his country abroad than the experience of a great editor? In an unusual degree that experience, ranging from the efforts of a traveling reporter, through the editing of local newspapers, up to the shaping and guidance of public opinion and analyzing public problems in the conduct of a high-class magazine, had given to Page an alertness of mind and a breath of knowledge which were of great value in the prosecution of his mission.

In May, 1913, the Ambassador sailed for his new post. His first impressions are deserving of the attention of every American citizen who loves the name and cares for the influence of his country. Like his predecessors and colleagues at other capitals, he spent his most busy and anxious period of residence in London in a hotel. Of this experience he wrote:

That residence at the Coburg Hotel for three months was a crowded and uncomfortable nightmare. The indignity and inconvenience—even the humiliation—of an ambassador beginning his career in a hotel, especially during the court season, and a green ambassador at that! I hope I may not die before our Government does the conventional duty to provide ambassadors' residences.

And the chancellery, the strictly official place of representation of the United States, that was entered through "a dark and dingy hall between two cheap stores—the same entrance that the dwellers in the cheap flats above used. And the Ambassador's room greatly depressed me," he writes,—

dingy with twenty-nine years of dirt and darkness, and utterly undignified. . . . I did not understand then and I do not understand yet how Lowell, Bayard, Phelps, Hay, Choate, and Reid endured that cheap hole.

At his official presentation the King quite frankly commiserated the American Ambassador upon the fact that a great country like the United States had not provided a residence for its representatives, saying, "It is not fair to an ambassador." The Ambassador's modest reply was that our domestic tasks had been so absorbing, and we had so few absorbing foreign relations, that

we had only begun to develop what might be called an "international consciousness." Whatever the reflections suggested by this incident, it must, I think, be admitted, that both the King and the Ambassador expressed a truth worthy of attention in our country. What sensible man could wish to be an ambassador at the expense of commiseration by a king?

Page makes in his letters no concealment of his belief in the British race, both English and Scotch, and his high appreciation of English courtesy and hospitality. On this he says:

They show a strange contradiction to their dickering habits in trade and their "unctuous rectitude" in stealing continents. I know a place in the world where they are steadily moving their boundary line into other people's territory. I guess they really believe that the earth belongs to them.

Writing to the President, in November, 1913, he says:

About the obligations and inferences of democracy, they are dense. They don't really believe in it. . . . You must not forget that they can't all at once take it in, for they do not really know what democracy is or whither it leads, and at bottom they do not really believe in it as a scheme of government—not even this Liberal Cabinet.

And, after a passage too long to quote, in a postscript he exclaims, "By Jove, I didn't know that I'd ever have to put the British Government through an elementary course in Democracy!"

One does not need to read between the lines to learn that, in Page's mind, democracy is not anywhere an actual achievement, not even in America, where it is most advanced, but "a scheme of society", a social ideal not anywhere fully realized. In this he was a disciple — or was he in some sense the master? — of Wilson. Again, he writes to the President:

I can't get away from the feeling that the English simply do not and will not believe in any unselfish public action—further than the keeping of order. They have a mania for order, sheer order, order for the sake of order. They can't see how anything can come in any one's thought before order or how anything need come afterward.

It is possible that Page did not realize in making this statement what a tribute he was paying to the British genius for government; for, after all, order is the necessary prerequisite of all social development. In a beautiful passage for which the reader must refer to the full text, Page speaks of the fundamental

article in the creed of American democracy as "the unchanging and unchangeable resolve that every human being shall have his opportunity for his utmost development." This is a noble statement, but how could it ever be permanently applied, unless order is rendered secure through constitutional guarantees of human rights and the forbidding of legislation which would destroy them?

The test of Page's idealism was soon to be found in the Mexican question. That country had, after two recent revolutions, fallen into the power of a new dictator, Huerta. The hope of the realists was that he would restore order, and with order the prosperity Mexico had known under Diaz. This was the English thesis, and Huerta was, therefore, promptly recognized by Great Britain as the head of the State.

President Wilson held a different thesis. To his mind Huerta was a usurper who had won his place by force. Therefore he was not only not to be recognized but to be put down by force exercised in the name of representative democracy. "I am going to teach the South American Republics to elect good men," was the President's reply to a request that he should explain his policy.

Page's account of the British reaction to this announcement is full of instruction as well as interest. He had often praised the suavity and courtesy of British diplomatic methods, in which he thought our Government was painfully deficient. "If I could outdo these folk at their game of courtesy, and could keep our treaty with 'em," he wrote to Colonel House, in November, 1913, then I could lick 'em into the next century on the moral aspects of the Mexican Government, and make 'em look up and salute every time the American Government is mentioned. See? Is there any hope? Such is the job exactly. And you know what it would lead to—even in our lifetime—to the *leadership of the world*: and we should presently be considering how we may best use the British fleet, the British Empire, and the English race for the betterment of mankind.

With all due allowance for the jocular mood underlying this exaggerated boastfulness, Page was quite serious in his conviction that America, being both morally and materially superior to Great Britain, could by entering into a close partnership with that nation become the leader of the world. "What are we going to

do with this England and this Empire, presently, when economic forces unmistakably put the leadership of the race in our hands? How can we lead it and use it for the highest purposes of the world and of democracy? We can do what we like if we go about it heartily and with good manners."

It is impossible within the limits here available to enter fully into the negotiations regarding Mexico either in a narrative or a critical sense. The bare facts are that Great Britain had recognized Huerta and sent in the person of Carden a Minister to Mexico notoriously active as a commercial diplomat and hostile to American interests. Page set out to get him recalled, to have Great Britain repudiate Huerta, and to leave the whole problem of dealing with Mexico to the United States. Sir Edward Grey's confidential secretary, Sir William Tyrrell, of whom Page wrote to Colonel House, "He of course has Sir Edward's complete confidence, . . . and I have come to reckon it worth while to get ideas that I want driven home into his head," was sent to the United States to sound President Wilson.

The crux of the situation in Mexico was oil. "The British oil men," Secretary Bryan declared, "were nothing but 'pay-masters' of the British Cabinet." "You are wrong," replied Sir William, in his conversation with the Secretary. "Lord Cowdray hasn't money enough. Through a long experience with corruption the Cabinet has grown so greedy that Cowdray hasn't the money necessary to reach their price." Bryan, who could not comprehend this banter, concluded: "Then you admit the charge."

Failing to impress upon the Secretary his contention that what he believed was precisely what the American oil interests wanted him to believe, Sir William left the office in a spirit of persiflage with the rather undiplomatic statement, "You have stripped me naked, Mr. Secretary, but I am unashamed."

For an hour, as Colonel House informed Page, the President and Sir William discussed the Mexican questions, during which the President went elaborately into the question of tolls in the Panama Canal, concluding with a declaration of his sympathy with the British views on that subject, much to the satisfaction of Sir William; who, in turn gave assurance that his Govern-

ment would work cordially with the President and do all they could to bring about joint pressure through Germany and France for the elimination of Huerta. Soon afterward Huerta was repudiated by Great Britain; Carden was transferred to another post, and Mexico was turned over to the President to use a free hand.

To Page's mind this looked like the success of his diplomatic theory of American leadership and the crowning of his hopes; for he had steadily held and argued that if the United States would repeal the act of Congress exempting American coasting-vessels from payment of tolls in the Panama Canal, Great Britain would consent to be guided by American policy.

The fruit of Sir William Tyrrell's conversation with the President was that the act to exempt the vessels of the United States coasting trade from the payment of tolls in the Panama Canal was to be repealed. As his letters continuously disclose, Page had been greatly annoyed by the constant reference to the "dishonor" and the "outrage" of that act as a violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. He believed that if this cause of offense were removed, the policy of the United States in other matters would prevail and the partnership with Great Britain in the extension of democracy throughout the world under American leadership would be achieved. He did not see that the repudiation of Huerta was a mere incident in the eyes of British diplomacy, implying nothing more than leaving Mexico to the will of the President, on the ground that his good will was worth more to Great Britain than that of a Mexican revolutionist whom the President intended to destroy. The British belief, expressed by Sir Edward Grey, that Wilson's policy meant "chaos" in Mexico did not prevent a willingness to let it be tried and see what would come of it. If it failed, Great Britain's hands would be clean. If it succeeded in making Mexico a second India, then America could never reproach England with imperialism and a defective democracy. As for the Panama tolls question, it was worth a few doubtful concessions to put the United States in a state of *confessio tibi* on that.

This is not a place to revive the controversy regarding the exemption of American coast-wise vessels from paying tolls in an

American-owned canal through which British ships were passing for a fraction of the cost of construction and maintenance, but it cannot be permitted that the account of the matter presented in Mr. Page's letters and the historical setting given to it by his usually fair-minded biographer shall pass into history without comment. The Ambassador had been annoyed by the fact that he was constantly hearing from the British Government and people that the Government of the United States had been "dishonorable" in the matter of the Panama tolls act.

"Dishonorable" is a word which no friendly Government should lightly use regarding another Government, and it is an accepted principle that a diplomatic officer cannot hear his Government accused of acting "dishonorably" without reply. What reply Page made, if any, we are not informed. There is no hint of asking or receiving instructions. He seems to have felt that the charge was true.

The one sure thing about the whole controversy is that the American Government had not acted "dishonorably". When Mr. Wilson, as a candidate, in his campaign speeches approved the tolls act he was not accused of being "dishonorable". Why then should the action of Congress which passed the bill, that of the President who signed it, and that of the Secretary of State who defended it, be deemed "dishonorable"? Great Britain had never regarded a ship-subsidy as "dishonorable". The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty had never been submitted to judicial construction. Great lawyers, even English lawyers, were not of one mind as to whether "all nations" stood for all nations except the United States, or all nations including the United States; since conditions had changed since the expression was first employed, and there were rules which "all nations" were bound to obey, but which the United States could not obey. Indisputably, competent opinion was divided.

It was never claimed by the British Government that British ship-owners had suffered any actual loss, but that they might do so. They had been told that, if they did, that question would be arbitrated. It is not true to say that the Treaty had been "repudiated". There were different interpretations, and one or the other, no doubt, was legally wrong; but it is not "dishonor-

able" to be wrong in the honest interpretation of a law. High courts have made that mistake without dishonor.

It is not historically just for Mr. Page's biographer to say, "A great nation had committed an outrageous wrong: . . . but the unprecedented thing was that this same nation had exposed its fault boldly to the world—had lifted up its hands and cried, 'We have sinned!' and then had publicly undone its error."

In repealing the tolls bill Congress never said anything like this, or implied that the act was in any way "dishonorable". The President himself made no such statement.

The Tolls Act was, I think, an error in domestic legislation; but it was not conceived in dishonor or abandoned in repentance. The President urged it as a voluntary withdrawal from a position everywhere questioned and misunderstood. "We ought," he said in his special message, —

to reverse our action without raising the question whether we were right or wrong, and so once more deserve our reputation for generosity and for the redemption of every obligation without quibble or hesitation. I ask this of you in support of the foreign policy of the Administration. I shall not know how to deal with other matters of even greater delicacy and nearer consequence if you do not grant it to me in ungrudging measure.

Although the President's confidential interview with Sir William Tyrrell was not publicly known at the time, it was believed by close observers that the repeal of the tolls legislation was Great Britain's reward for giving the President a free hand in Mexico. Mr. Hendrick assures us that this is not so. He confides to us the interesting explanation that the real motive was to promote the proposed secret mission of Colonel House to England, France, and Germany in order to secure the peace of Europe!

That explanation we must consider further, but it is best perhaps to close the subject of the repeal of the tolls act, which cost the Ambassador much criticism both of his private silence and public utterances, by quoting the comment of Lady D——, after the obnoxious act had been repealed, which the Ambassador reports to us with approbation: "The United States has set a high standard for all nations to live up to. I don't believe that there is any other nation that would have done it."

In the report of the confidential conversation with Sir William Tyrrell regarding Mexico and the Panama question there is no mention of this mission for European peace. Page's reason for urging the repeal was indisputably to reassure England, to help to get rid of Carden, and to promote the President's idea of a reconstruction of Mexico by giving him a free hand there. And these were the consequences that followed. If the promotion of peace in Europe was intended as the "great business", the course pursued at that time in Mexico was not well calculated to facilitate it.

There is not much evidence that the President was deeply interested in the secret mission for European peace at this time, or at any other time. What we hear about it is chiefly from Colonel House, who deserves all the credit for this project, whatever it may be. It was only mildly, and in a secondary way, that Page was interested in it. His own project was an Anglo-American understanding, under American leadership, by which the armies and navies of the two nations, including the British Dominions, would "clean out bandits and yellow fever, and make the world healthful, safe for life and investment, and in the end for self-government, as presently in Mexico." That, he thought, was the President's "great business", in which Great Britain should aid. Of Germany, even of France, he did not expect co-operation in this task of organizing a "scheme of society".

There was, no doubt, at that time, as there still is, a strong American impulse to teach Europe how to live in peace, and many Americans have felt called to deliver the message. Colonel Bryan, the Secretary of State, had a project of this kind. He wanted to extend the Chautauqua system to Europe and lecture on peace in each of the great European capitals. On February 14, 1914, Page writes to House:

Now God restrain me from saying, much more from doing, anything rash. But if I've got to go home at all, I'd rather go before he comes. It'll take years for the American Ambassadors to recover what they'll lose if they carry out this plan. . . . We not only tolerate him; we like him; but when he comes as American Prime Minister—good-bye, John!

Page's advice was that "he be kept at home on the Mexican business".

Before and during the secret mission of Colonel House, begun in May, 1914, the President was, with more or less vacillation, wholly absorbed by his Mexican programme. On April 20, he requested of Congress the privilege of making war on General Huerta, having previously, on April 14, sent the whole Atlantic fleet to Vera Cruz. On April 21, while the Senate was considering this situation, Congress not having yet given its approval, Mexican soil was invaded; a pitched battle was fought; Vera Cruz was captured and occupied; 126 Mexicans were killed and 195 were wounded, including women and children, besides 19 American soldiers killed and 70 wounded. The excuse for all this was a technical discussion between diplomatists regarding a salute to the American flag.

With this background, although no war was then in sight in Europe, the Balkan troubles being at an end, Colonel House proceeded to propose disarmament to the Kaiser.

The record of that adventure is so well and completely told in the chapter on "America Tries to Prevent War", that it would be an act of vandalism to deflower it in a paragraph. At Berlin the German officers, suspecting the mission of the President's emissary, did all in their power to prevent a personal conversation with the Kaiser without the presence of a listener; but, although the Colonel carried his point and obtained a private audience, the Kaiser himself spoiled the purpose of the meeting by doing most of the talking. In another field the Colonel came off better. Pressed by the military officers, who wanted to discuss with him as fellow-officers certain military questions, to explain his rank, he informed them that he was not a military, but only a "geographical colonel".

At London the Colonel had been given his proper rank through Page's introduction of him to Sir Edward Grey, on a previous occasion, as "a private citizen, a man without personal political ambition, a modest, quiet, even shy fellow, who helps to make Cabinets, to shape policies, to select judges and ambassadors and suchlike merely for the pleasure of seeing that these tasks are well done." In that rôle he was well received in London, but his mission for disarmament ended in opposition at Berlin and at London in indifference. "But just think," said the Colonel to

the Ambassador, when war fell like a bolt from heaven, "how near we came to making such a catastrophe impossible!" "No, no, no," answered Page. "No power on earth could have prevented it."

Let no one fail to read that thrilling chapter on "The Grand Smash". What a panorama of weeping ambassadors, muddled strivings for fitness in war, hysterical Americans, multiplied diplomatic duties in deserted embassies taken over by our Embassy—before then so humble among them all—and in the midst of the chaos and turmoil an American Ambassador, transformed from an amateur diplomat trying to work great combinations with an unpracticed hand, standing now like a tower of strength and refuge surrounded by his faithful secretaries, with Laughlin, full of Berlin memories, at the head; cool, businesslike, sympathetic, vibrant with noble emotions but perfect master of them all! No more rubbish about "shooting ideas" into inferior races by armies and navies—Vera Cruz and the retreat of the American forces with their purpose still unachieved exploded all that. No more bravado about "continuing to shoot men for two hundred years till they learn to vote and rule themselves". No more boasting about "the good fortune to do one piece of work that was worth the effort and worth coming to do, about that infernal Mexican situation". No pæan about our "using the British fleet, the British Empire, and the English race," when we have "the leadership of the world"! For Page, the period of all that was ended. It was realities, the grim realities of war, that faced him now. If the sentinel had been dreaming at his post, he was now wide awake.

From the beginning he was not personally neutral, and he resented the President's exhortation addressed to the American people,—*"We must be impartial in thought as well as in action."* "Neutrality," Page wrote in a letter to his brother, "is a quality of government. . . . A government can be neutral but no *man* can be." The President, he thought, had totally missed the larger meaning of the war. With this belief he found his official duties extremely embarrassing. "If German bureaucratic brute force could conquer Europe," he wrote in September, 1914 "presently it would try to conquer the United States; and we

should go back to the era of war as man's chief industry and to the domination of kings by divine right." He had in hand the proof from Germany itself that it was there believed that the "ultimate enemy" of that country was America.

"Waging neutrality," as Page called it, was for the Ambassador a perplexing task. His antipathy to lawyers and their methods added greatly to his difficulty. It was undoubtedly right that, as a neutral, the Department of State should urge the adoption of some sure law of the sea; and the Declaration of London, which the United States had ratified but other nations had not, was a recent and the most complete code of maritime rules; but he saw, and he was right in this, that Great Britain could not be bound by a code she had not recognized. He further saw that Great Britain would not accept any law that deprived her of that clear supremacy on the sea which, apart from the submarine, she undoubtedly possessed. This made Page and Sir Edward Grey, the former pushed by the Department of State, the latter by the British Admiralty, protagonists of contradictory positions which both regretted to be obliged to hold.

Another source of deepest anxiety was the peace propaganda. These records show how diligently it was pressed by the German Government and those who sympathized with it; always, as Colonel House discovered on his second peace mission to Germany, in the sense that "peace" was to be only a "truce" until war could be renewed with a better chance for the success of the aggressor. In the course of time this became so apparent that it could no longer be doubted by anyone who could appreciate evidence.

What impeded both judgment and action in America was the deplorable ignorance of Europe, in which the President shared. Indeed, the President, to whom everyone naturally looked for leadership, seemed the most incapable of all to grasp the truth. The sinking of the *Lusitania* was a blow that should have awakened the most somnolent intelligence to at least a lively perception. To Page the President's attitude regarding it was a shock that left him stupefied. The announcement that we "were too proud to fight" awakened in Great Britain, as it did in Germany, a sentiment of contempt that soon bred a complete

indifference. The first note on "strict accountability" suspended judgment for a time; but stolidity to the outrages that succeeded, following upon the ignominious retreat from Mexico, made the Ambassador feel that his country, the country of his pride and his devotion, was nothing to the world. Not ostracized—he was too much esteemed for that—but secluded, pained and humiliated to look his friends in the face, the path from his home to his chancellery was the loneliest beat that a neglected sentinel ever trod.

With a courage that is almost without example on the part of a diplomatic officer, Page, in the hope of stirring his old friend and admired leader to a sense of the situation, through letters to House, the confidant of both, and directly to the President himself, while plodding on in the disheartening task of trying to secure regard for the rights of a nation neutral in the midst of an assault he believed to be directed against itself, did not hesitate to pour the truth, as he saw it, into the mind of the President, only to find himself regarded with coldness and suspicion, neglected and discredited.

In the winter of 1917, unexpected events and revelations forced the Administration at Washington to accept the truth Page had so long but ineffectually urged upon it. New labors and responsibilities were thus thrust upon him by America's entrance into the war, and shortly before the armistice, worn out and dying, he was obliged to abandon his post; but he lived to know of the victory of which, even in the darkest hours, he had never wholly despaired.

It would be a fitting tribute to the memory of a great American and a valuable lesson in world history that is still in the making, if every citizen of the United States could read these inimitable volumes—so replete with facts which, in an article like this, cannot be even briefly summarized—the pathetic but inspiring record of a noble endeavor to serve our country and the world.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

TINKERING WITH THE ARMY

BY MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM HARDING CARTER, U. S. A.

WHEN the Armistice was declared in 1918, the American people exhibited far more interest in dismantling the costly military and naval establishments built up during the World War than in profiting by their recent military lessons. Salvaging of war material then seemed more important, in an economical way, than any schemes for avoiding similar experiences in future. The nation, to be sure, had learned the fallacy of its previous attitude as to our geographical isolation, for if we could transport across the seas, in face of courageous and daring submarine activity, two million men, with material and supplies necessary for waging successful war, other nations could do likewise when in future the current of military activities should be reversed. But our hearts were not in it, and when the Administration sponsored a proposal for retaining an army of nearly six hundred thousand men, based on the League of Nations, the Congress was aroused and determined not only to defeat such a plan, but to go farther and reduce the establishments authorized prior to America's entrance into the war.

Out of mighty travail and much investigation of our alleged failures to measure up to expectations during the war, the statutes providing for the national defense were amended to provide definitely for preserving a knowledge of modern war, in its material and scientific aspects, as well as in the utilization of officers trained in the latest methods of organizing and preparing the human element. On the theory that our future needs would be best met by a large corps of officers and a small Regular Army, trained in conjunction with Organized Reserves, and the National Guards of the States, a well balanced scheme was adopted as our future military policy, and the necessary steps to carry it out were undertaken by those in authority.

Politics makes strange bedfellows, and scarcely had the new

policy been initiated when combinations to defeat it appeared on the horizon. It soon became apparent to wise and patriotic supporters of the new military policy that its success or failure was wholly in the hands of the committees recently created to handle all appropriations under the Budget system. To expect appropriations for the military establishment, proposed under the Budget, to be accepted by Congress without curtailment or modification, was to ignore the whole history of our political system. It soon became evident that those in control of the purse strings were inimical to any military policy which involved large and continuing appropriations, at a time when after war readjustments were forcing the most stringent economies throughout the nation. One of the results has been a recurrence of the tragedies among the officer and non-commissioned personnel, which has characterized the reorganizations of the Army after each of our wars.

Under the new military policy provision was made for about eighteen thousand officers, to be selected, in large part, from those who had served during the late war, and who, having been invited to become members of the permanent military establishment, relinquished whatever advantages they might have previously gained in business or the professions. Having sundered the ties of civil life and accepted commissions of presumed life tenure, it now comes as a distinct shock to the recently appointed officers to find themselves facing discharge at a time when business opportunities are few and far between. The Government has suggested to those whose heads are to fall under the axe that they should continue to give the nation the benefit of their experience by joining the Reserves, with possibility of future employment in war, but this will not appeal to men who feel resentment at the curtailment of their military careers without default on their parts.

Our nation is still young, yet our history is replete with just such instances of what has come to be known as the ingratitude of the Republic. Many are still borne on the register who witnessed the wholesale discharge of officers, upon the reorganization of the Army, a few years after the Civil War. Never has resentment been deeper and more determined than at the close

of the Revolution, when the Continentals—the Regulars of that day—faced discharge without adjustment of their long overdue pay. Washington's tearful appeals alone saved the tragedy of a mutiny. There is little in the present situation that has not been experienced after all our other wars by our military forebears. More than a hundred years ago, following the war of 1812, a similar catastrophe befell the Army, as disclosed by the official history of the period:

DEPARTMENT OF WAR, May 17th, 1815.

The Act of Congress of the 3rd of March 1815, declares that the military peace establishment of the United States shall consist of not exceeding ten thousand men, as the President of the United States shall judge proper.

The President of the United States, having performed the duty which the law assigned to him, has directed that the organization of the military peace establishment be announced in general orders; and that the supernumerary officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates, be discharged from the service of the United States, as soon as circumstances which are necessary for the payment and discharge of the troops will permit. . . .

The difficulty of accomplishing a satisfactory organization of the military peace establishment, has been anxiously felt. The Act of Congress contemplates a small but an effective force; and, consequently, the honorable men whose years, or infirmities, or wounds, render them incapable of further service, in active warfare, are necessarily excluded from the establishment. The Act contemplates a reduction of the army from many to a few regiments; and consequently a long list of meritorious officers must inevitably be laid aside. But the attempt has been assiduously made to collect authentic information from every source, as a foundation for an impartial judgment on the various claims to attention; and even while a decision is pronounced, the President of the United States desires it may be distinctly understood that, from the designation of the officers who are retained in service, nothing more is to be inferred than his approbation of the designated individuals, without derogating, in any degree, from the fame and worth of those whose lot it is to retire. The American Army of the War of 1812 has hitherto successfully emulated the patriotism and valor of the army of the War of 1776. The closing scene of the example remains alone to be performed. Having established the independence of their country, the revolutionary warriors cheerfully returned to the walks of civil life; many of them became the benefactors and ornaments of society, in the prosecution of various acts and professions; and all of them, as well as the veteran few who survive the lapse of time, have been the objects of grateful recollection, and constant regard. It is for the American Army, now dissolved, to pursue the honorable course, in order to enjoy the same inestimable reward.

In his instructions to Major-Generals Brown, Jackson, Scott, Gaines, Macomb and Ripley, who were assembled as a board to make the selections of those officers to be retained in service, the President said:

It is, undoubtedly, a painful task to make a discrimination, which affects the interest and possibly the subsistence of honorable men, whose misfortune it is, by age, or by infirmities, or by wounds, to be disabled from rendering further service to their country; but the task must be performed by those who are charged with the execution of the law; leaving the relief which may be justly claimed by suffering merit, to the beneficent care of the legislative authority.

It is the opinion of the President, therefore, that in the selection of the officers to be retained upon the military peace establishment, those only should be recommended in your report for his approbation who are, at this time, competent to engage an enemy in the field of battle.

In every grade of appointment, almost every officer has gallantly performed his duty. It is obvious, therefore, that with respect to the field officers, and the regimental officers, as well as with respect to the general officers, men of high military merit must unavoidably be omitted in the present organization of the army. It has not been, and it never can be under such circumstances, a mark of disrespect, or a subject of reproach, to omit the name of any officer; and the President wishes it may be distinctly understood, that from the selection of officers nothing more ought to be inferred than his approbation of the selected individuals, without derogating in any degree from the reputation and worth of others.

Suave language, that, and a gallant appreciation of brave men whose services were no longer needed by the nation. As their forebears had done, they too went about the carving of new careers, in a country filled with opportunities for the ambitious and deserving of their day.

There is no pride akin to that which comes from a knowledge of having rendered the State some service. Those who now find their services no longer wanted and their connection with the army severed have given high evidence of their patriotism during a gruelling war. They are not insensible to the unwisdom of maintaining an army on the pay rolls larger than is necessary to carry out the military policy of the nation, but there is much resentment at the course pursued by Congress, which, only two years ago, approved the simple and effective doctrine of preparedness involved in dividing the country into military areas,

and provided for unity of training of all the elements upon which we are to depend in war, the Regulars, the National Guard and the Organized Reserves.

The present condition of affairs is due to the methods of handling appropriations, where economy is held as of more importance than the execution of any fixed policy. The net result of the reorganization now being carried out, however, is to leave the nation with a policy in theory, but with a military force, in practice, unable to fulfil its peace mission, and more expensive in proportion to its efficiency than any military establishment we have ever had. The price being paid is not measured in broken hearts, but in treasury dollars and reduced efficiency. The federal appropriation for the National Guard of the States now exceeds the cost of the whole Regular Army prior to the war with Spain, and the total budget for next year is nearly two hundred and sixty millions for the Regular Army, Reserves and National Guards.

As far as officers go we have the best equipped body of professional military men the nation has ever had. The doctrines laid down for their training, as a result of war experience, have been adhered to, and when the broad scheme has been carried to maturity, practically all officers will have a standard of military education in the theory and practice of war which will make them dependable for any emergency requiring leaders. The danger which underlies the nibbling policy of Congress, as regards the army, is akin to that of the economists who propose to legislate a reduction of particular classes of warships without reference to the effect on the general plans for naval operations. It would be wiser to construct a new policy embracing all essentials, rather than hold to the old in theory while destroying it in practice.

War is hateful, but the nations accepted as leaders of modern civilization seem utterly unable to influence other nations except by display of force. Face to face on the same fields of action where marched and fought the Crusaders a thousand years ago, the Cross and the Crescent once more seem to hover above embattled armies. America sincerely desires to avoid any entanglement in this or any other European adjustment, for no sooner is one question settled than another is projected on the screen. It

is certain that if we maintain a system which will enable the nation quickly to organize its great resources for war, we sacrifice none of the advantages of peace, for other nations will take warning and not repeat the mistake of the Kaiser, who was lulled to security under the belief that America would not fight.

We want to avoid the extravagance, the loss of life, the destruction of character and lowered standards of ethics and morals incident to war; we want this nation to go forward in the development of our geographical empire in a normal, healthful way.

The people cannot be expected to possess knowledge of all subjects sufficient to guide and advise their representatives in Congress, but they have the right to expect policies which demand enormous appropriations to be developed after careful investigation, and not to squander the taxes of an overburdened people in a fruitless way. We criticize propaganda, but should not confuse it with the legitimate advice of experts in lines of governmental administration.

In all questions affecting the nation's readiness to defend its rights and preserve internal order, there should be helpful and united action and not partisan criticism and factional opposition. The least army that will meet the requirements of our accepted policy is all that should be provided for by Congress. Military men are all agreed, however, that army organization is too important a question to be settled in debate on an appropriation bill, and if that course is pursued, the people may expect something similar to a clock with some essential works omitted.

No branch of the public service can be prepared to deliver the maximum effort if subjected to constant tinkering for political advantage. The tendency of such a course is to destroy morale and make it difficult to build up the officer corps with the type of young men necessary to make it dependable. Never before have commissions in the army seemed so unattractive.

Conditions are not favorable to efficiency. There should be no nibbling or tinkering. If the policy under which the new army started out two years ago is not satisfactory, it should be reëxamined by qualified men to the end that billions may not be squandered to little purpose.

WILLIAM HARDING CARTER.

FINANCING A NEW REPUBLIC

BY ALZADA COMSTOCK

"BEFORE Austria was, we were; and when Austria no longer is, we still shall be," said the Bohemian revolutionist Palacky in 1848. Seventy years later the Austro-Hungarian Empire shivered into fragments and the Republic of Czechoslovakia rose to fulfil the prophecy.

Little more than the name of Austria is left. Four-fifths of the industries of ten years ago now lie within the carefully guarded boundaries of Czechoslovakia. The granaries of the former Empire are in the fields of the new Republic. Gay, careless Vienna, accustomed to draw the means of life as tribute from her sturdy Slav outposts, is helpless and confused. The things that are Cæsar's are at last rendered unto Cæsar. In the new map of Europe the frontiers of Czechoslovakia follow closely the ethnographic boundaries drawn by geographers before the war. But the clearing of the tangle has been only begun in the four years that have passed since the new lines were drawn. Austria still stretches empty hands westward, pleading that she has never been taught to work. Her vitality seems to have flickered out in the cataclysm of 1918. Only the Slav toiler to the northward straightens his bent back, looks across the rich fields that he can at last call his own, and turns again to his task with the zeal of the patriot.

Four years is a short period of apprenticeship to the modern business of international commerce and finance. In the case of the Czechs the inertia of centuries must first be overcome. For three hundred years, while western nations were growing wise in commercial ways, Bohemia lay under the hand of the alien. After the defeat of the Bohemian noblemen at the battle of the White Mountain in 1620, three-quarters of the land changed hands. The new German aristocracy was at odds with the Bohemian peasantry in religion and language. German and Latin pushed out

Czech in the schools and the use of the Czech language was confined to the peasants. Bohemia became a country of absentee landlordism, ruled by Vienna industrially as well as politically. When the industrial revolution occurred in Bohemia in the latter half of the nineteenth century it served to give the Czech workingmen a keen national consciousness and to sharpen their differences with their alien employers. Gradually the aspirations of the Slav peoples in the whole wedge, which is pushed east from Russia through Slovakia and Moravia, were seen to be common with those of Bohemia. Slovakia was still in an early stage of agricultural development, but the ties of race and the similarities of the Slavic languages held it close to its industrial neighbors. The revolution of 1918 brought liberation to five countries in this Slav wedge, Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Slovakia, and Russia. United under the name of the Czechoslovak Republic, they discovered that they possessed a territory almost as large as that of the new Austria and the new Hungary combined, a wealth and diversity of resources almost unequalled in the Europe of to-day, but no money and little experience in business leadership.

The miracle has been accomplished. After four years the position of the Czechoslovak Republic is unshaken. Its currency has a better rate in the world market than that of Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, or Poland. Excessive issues of paper money have been avoided. Foreign trade is increasing. The wealth of resources in the country, resources so diversified that the country is capable of becoming practically self-sufficing, is only a partial explanation of the progress of the last four years. The key to the situation is in the fact that the newly-formed Czechoslovak Government included men who knew that financial stability was one of the first requirements of the important commercial nation which they hoped to see established.

The reform of the currency was the first step towards economic independence. At the time of the armistice the currency question was acute in Czechoslovakia, as it was almost everywhere in Europe. When the Austro-Hungarian Empire was dissolved in 1918 it bequeathed to the States which succeeded it the greatly inflated currency of the Austro-Hungarian Bank. Further issues of notes followed, until the circulation which had stood at about

two and one-half billion crowns in peace times reached more than thirty-seven billion crowns at the end of February, 1919. The inevitable consequences of rapid inflation under such circumstances—soaring prices and a delayed adjustment of wages and salaries—were felt throughout the country. The Czechoslovak Government immediately undertook drastic action along the lines which were subsequently approved by the Peace Treaty. The aim was the establishment of a national currency and the reduction of the circulating medium. The frontiers of Czechoslovakia were closed on February 26, 1919, in accordance with the terms of a law passed on the preceding day. Between March 3 and 9, 1919, all Austro-Hungarian bank-notes for sums of ten crowns and over found within the country were officially stamped. These stamped bank-notes were declared to be the only legal tender in Czechoslovakia, with the exception of one- and two-crown notes, after March 10. The Minister of Finance was authorized to retain one-half of the stamped notes and to issue deposit certificates to the holders. In this way the Government reduced the inflation by retiring about two billion crowns in bank-notes. The deposit certificates and the notes left in circulation were later authorized as payments of the capital levy and the tax on increases of wealth, so that the uncovered note circulation was still further reduced.

The next step in the reform of the currency was the requisition by the Czechoslovak Government of all of the offices of the Austro-Hungarian Bank within the territory of the new Republic. At the same time a Banking Department was established within the Ministry of Finance, so that a provisional State bank of issue might be ready for action. The country was then ready for the issue of Czechoslovak currency to replace the stamped bank-notes.

The Czechoslovak crown was created and designated as the monetary unit of the country by a law approved April 10, 1919. The same law ordered the exchange of stamped notes for Czechoslovak crowns, a process which was begun in July, 1919, and completed in 1920. The circulation of uncovered State notes was limited to the amount of bank notes stamped at the time of original stamping plus one-half of the bank transfer accounts and drafts of the branches of the Austro-Hungarian Bank which were

requisitioned early in 1919. This limit was approximately six billion crowns. The law provided that the amount of paper money in circulation could not be increased by obligations incurred by the State. Issues of notes above the specified limit must be covered by commercial transactions. From the beginning the aim of the Czechoslovak Government has been the reestablishment of the free exchange of notes against gold, but it has realized that the organization of a bank which can do this is impossible in the existing state of European finance, and it has accordingly made use of bills of exchange as a means of stabilizing the price of the Czechoslovak crown abroad.

It is often said that Czechoslovakia alone among the countries of Central Europe has kept her printing-presses silent since the war. In the sense in which treasury officials refer to the activities of government printing-presses the statement is wholly accurate. Czechoslovakia alone has refused to expand her uncovered State notes for the purpose of meeting government expenditures. This action, together with the stimulation of commerce as a basis for the "covered" note issue, represents Czechoslovakia's great contribution to post-war finance. The situation of the uncovered State notes has steadily improved. At the end of 1919 only about ten per cent of the circulation of more than six and one-half billion crowns was covered. At the end of 1920, when the circulation was eleven billion crowns, 46 per cent of the amount was covered. By December, 1922, the total circulation had dropped to less than ten billion crowns. The whole situation reflects coolness and decision on the part of the government officials at a time when the demand for inflation is universal and unremitting.

Under the Government's present policy the value of the Czechoslovak crown is dependent partly upon the character of foreign trade. For this reason and for others valiant efforts have been made to restore the country to its former position as an exporting region. The task has proved unexpectedly difficult. The period of reconstruction was full of political complications and the post-war depression did not spare Czechoslovakia. Nevertheless the Czechoslovak Republic held firmly to its policy of government control of industry. The country escaped catastrophe but not calamity. Sugar was counted upon to remain the chief article of

export, to help to stabilize the currency, and to supply the Government with a third of a billion crowns in revenue. The Ministry of Foreign Trade made the mistake of ordering the stock to be held for high prices in 1920, at a time when prices in the open market were about to fall. The result was the loss of valuable markets, including the American, and a hurried readjustment of the Government's financial affairs to provide for the unexpected failure in receipts. A drop in prices followed the State's purchase of cotton and the Government was forced to compel the mills to purchase its cotton at a higher price than they would pay in the open market. Exports of beer were kept down by the regulation that only beer brewed from foreign grain could be exported. Coal was controlled by a government bureau and taxed to yield huge sums to the State treasury, far more than the amount yielded by any other indirect tax. Coal prices were formerly low in Bohemia, but after the war they rose to a point higher than those of almost any other industrial country. Manufacture for export in all its branches has been correspondingly handicapped. The situation of the State railroads is slightly more satisfactory, although rates have remained high and deficits have been common. As soon as rolling stock can be obtained, Czechoslovakia will stand high among European countries in respect to railroad facilities. One of the peculiar difficulties of the present is the north-and-south trend of the principal railway lines, while the present needs of internal and foreign commerce are for east-and-west routes between industrial Bohemia and agricultural Slovakia.

Czechoslovakia, like Austria, has been partially dependent upon the outside world for its food supply. Flour and other food-stuffs were imported in immense quantities in 1920, to the value of more than two billion crowns, more than twice the value of any other class of imports. In the case of the necessities of life the Government's concern of course extends far beyond the effects of the large volume of imports upon the price of the Czechoslovak crown. The policy of State regulation includes the control of agriculture in all its relationships, but the task is proving unexpectedly difficult.

The trouble reaches back to the ownership of land, a question

which is seething through all Europe in these days of an insufficient food supply. One of the early acts of the Czechoslovak Parliament was in the direction of land reform. The new land law provided that all estates of more than 250 hectares (625 acres) should be taken over by the State under a kind of trusteeship. Except for the holdings of the Hapsburgs and of other enemies in the late war, payment for the estates are made to the owners at present value as determined by a government board. Another law provided for the purchase of land which has been leased for a long period of years.

The reform programme was intended to bring new life into agriculture and to stimulate agricultural improvements, but it appears to have had the contrary effect, at least in part. The transfers of land have proceeded slowly, and the large landholders whose estates are not yet taken over are reluctant to sink money in the lands while the danger of losing them is imminent. The market supplies of grain from home sources actually decreased in the period following the adoption of the new law. The time when Czechoslovakia will be free from the necessity of purchasing imported food now seems remote. The Government places its hopes in the more permanent results of land reform, in appropriations for commercial fertilizers, and in the continued control of agricultural production.

Behind the persistent efforts of the Czechoslovak Government to stimulate industry and agriculture is an understanding of the inexorable laws of national economics. The bold steps which have been taken to control the currency will have been in vain if the commercial transactions necessary are not forthcoming. When Czechoslovakia succeeded in establishing a favorable trade balance with the United States in the autumn of 1920 the future seemed bright, but the advantage was not followed up. The promotion of industry and agriculture is still the country's fundamental necessity, and upon its success rests Czechoslovakia's prosperity for years to come. "The master of Bohemia is the master of Europe," said Bismarck. The mastery of Bohemia itself is yet to be gained.

As soon as the reform of the currency was under way the Czechoslovak Government turned its attention to the national

debt. The revolution of October, 1918, left the new Republic in an almost penniless state. The liquid assets of the region were largely concentrated in Vienna, and the treasuries of the constituent countries were empty. Funds were necessary for military purposes and in particular for the operation of the railways. Short-term borrowings were decided upon, in the belief that the wealth of the country would make it possible to pay off the debt at an early date and to keep the country free from a permanent war burden. The sums borrowed mounted with a disturbing rapidity, and in a few months Czechoslovakia's share of the Austro-Hungarian debt, foreign loans, and the obligations of the currency reforms were added. The estimation of the total amount of indebtedness is still a difficult matter on account of the variety of currencies in use at the time of contraction of the various debts and the fluctuations of international exchange during the whole period.

The public debt may be divided into four parts: debts contracted by the Czechoslovak Government, debts allotted to Czechoslovakia under the Peace Treaty, contributions to the Reparations Fund, and Austro-Hungarian war loans. The first group, the debts contracted by the Czechoslovak Government, is made up of internal loans, the obligations which resulted from the reform of the currency, and foreign loans. Together this group of obligations amounts to more than one-half of the total debt. The greater part of the foreign debt, which consists largely of credits granted for the purchase of foodstuffs, is owed to the United States.

Under the terms of the treaty Czechoslovakia was required to take over that part of the Austro-Hungarian debt which was guaranteed by the railroads, mines, and salt works which were apportioned to Czechoslovakia, and a part of the floating debt proportional to the contributions of the various countries which now form the Czechoslovak Republic. This gives Czechoslovakia about six and one-half billion crowns, or about one-third of Austria-Hungary's pre-war debt.

The third item, that of contributions to the Reparations Fund, represents the "liberation tax" of a little less than ten billion crowns which Czechoslovakia must pay as its share of the war

expenses of the Allies. The fourth group of obligations was undertaken voluntarily. The Peace Treaty left Czechoslovakia free from responsibility for the war borrowings of Austria-Hungary. The Government held, however, that conditions within the country demanded that at least a part of the debt should be assumed. It was decided that Austro-Hungarian war bonds should be accepted in payment of a Czechoslovak internal loan at 75 per cent of their nominal value.

The total burden of indebtedness is a heavy one when the circumstances of Czechoslovakia are taken into consideration. The debt policy has been one of the less successful parts of the Government's financial operations. The measures for taking over the Austro-Hungarian war loans have proved generally unsatisfactory. Contrary to expectations, it has not been possible to lift the burden of debt in these first years.

The consideration of the proper methods of taxation for the new Government was postponed in favor of the more pressing issues of the first few months of independence. It was possible to temporize by using the established channels of the Austrian revenue system and by borrowing. The first budget (1919) was made up along old familiar lines. The total revenue was placed at 3,800,000,000 crowns and expenditures at 8,600,000,000 crowns, so that a deficit of nearly five billions resulted. The second budget showed larger expenditures, a smaller deficit, and few changes in method.

In 1920 Czechoslovakia adopted a device which has come into favor in Europe since the war, the levy on capital. After months of consideration a law providing for a capital levy and for a tax on war-time increases of wealth was passed on April 8, 1920. In the case of Czechoslovakia these measures are distinguished by the fact that they were adopted for the express purpose of improving the position of the crown through the withdrawal from circulation of the notes used in payment. In addition, the yield was designated as payment of war liabilities, particularly liabilities in foreign countries. It cannot be used to meet current government expenditures. All residents of Czechoslovakia on March 1, 1919, were liable to the levy, but capital owned by them and taxed in a similar way in other countries was exempt. The rates

reached a maximum of thirty per cent on capital of more than ten billion crowns. The tax on war-time increases of wealth reached its maximum at forty per cent on more than ten billion crowns. The latter tax was so arranged that the rate of increase was taken into account, and the owner of capital who had no fortune before the war was more heavily taxed. Only fifteen per cent of the tax due was to be paid immediately upon assessment. The remainder was due in six half-yearly instalments.

The third budget (1921) was framed under difficult circumstances. It was necessary for the standing of Czechoslovakia abroad, a matter which the Government continues to keep in mind, that the financial position of the country should be set forth in the most favorable light possible. On the other hand, the loan situation was bound to appear unsatisfactory, for the loan which was to replace the Austro-Hungarian war bonds had not come up to the Government's expectations. The financial situation was described in the presentation of the budget in two sections; the ordinary budget, which balanced, and the extraordinary budget, which was added to provide for enterprises which would swell the revenue after they were established. The ordinary budget amounted to slightly more than fourteen billion crowns and the extraordinary budget to three and one-half billions.

In introducing the third budget the Minister of Finance said that the scheme of taxation which it provided would mean that the rich would bear the heavier part of the tax burden. The income tax, the death duties, the land tax, and the war profits tax were counted upon to accomplish this purpose. In themselves these taxes represent fairly heavy burdens, but their combined yield was estimated at only 1,000,000,000 crowns, while the yield of the indirect taxes was placed at five times that amount. The coal tax alone, the chief indirect tax, was set at 1,200,000,000 crowns and the enlarged sales tax at 1,000,000,000 crowns. As a matter of fact the greater part of the tax burden was widely distributed.

It is significant that the financial policy of the Czechoslovak Republic so far contains little that is unique or startling. Czechoslovakia is often called "a Socialist experiment on a large scale", and its career is watched with interest on the assumption

that collectivist principles of government are being worked out. There is little in the country's financial organization which merits special attention for this reason. The control of the currency, the phase of finance in which Czechoslovakia's record is best, was accomplished along lines which were recognized as safe. At the beginning little else could have been done except to stamp the circulating notes, and a similar policy was later recommended to all of the succession States. Czechoslovakia's greatest contribution was in its promptness of action in this matter and in its caution in regulating the issue of covered and uncovered State notes. The debt policy has been over-cautious and hesitating. The tax measures are modest in comparison with those which have been used by France, England, and the United States during the same period. Even the capital levy, the measure which is regarded in Czechoslovakia as an important advance, has been adopted by Austria, Germany, Hungary, and Italy, and has been considered seriously in Great Britain.

Full of difficulties as the financial path is, the fact remains that Czechoslovakia is now in a more nearly normal condition than any other country of Central Europe. Errors of policy have been made, but they are the mistakes of a people whose training is still incomplete and who have been so thoroughly taught by centuries of experience to be suspicious of great individual enterprises that they put an almost unreasoning trust in government control. The failures of the debt policy and the deficits in the budget are less serious than the failures and deficits with which the other succession States are beset. As for the successes and accomplishments of the four years, what do they foreshadow? Will the master of Bohemia be the master of Europe?

ALZADA COMSTOCK.

GREATNESS IN WOMEN

BY MARY AUSTIN

IN the recent popular poll for names of greatness, all the categories of greatness as they are recognized among the great seem to have been missed with singular completeness. This was perhaps to be expected in a popular expression in which the great themselves could hardly be invited to participate. There was also to be noticed a curious and informing difference between the lists of the greatest twelve men and similar selections among the names of women. Almost without exception the lists of men were made up from among the names of men admittedly able, and distinguished, by reputation at least, for sustained achievement. But the women's candidates were so generally selected from among the names of those merely prominent, that apparently the only selective principle at work had been the frequency with which those names appeared in the newspapers.

Confirming this impression that American women are without any recognized criterions of superiority in non-feminine achievement, comes the first general election in which the demand for women in public place, which was supposed to be the mainspring of woman suffrage, has had free play, with the result that the only woman in the Senate owes her position to a man's appointment.

Not to know their own prophets is rather a serious predicament for women, who have hoped for the amelioration of social conditions through the interpenetration of the social organism by woman thought. Not to be able to know them is surely culpable. For however much we concede to the inexperience of women in group activity, it remains a fundamental law of human nature that revelation arrives by way of individuals rather than by way of committees. Prophetic inspiration is not to be produced by the accretion of small individual foresights, nor is there any discoverable way of compensating by the high seriousness of collective intention for those flashes of illumination which, from

the souls of the truly great, light up unexpected horizons. America must, if her women are to make a contribution commensurate with the contributions of men, not only produce great women, but also be able to measure and appreciate their greatness in terms of the present hour. It begins to appear to the most hopefully obtuse of feminists that the demand for great place for women gathers little force in the absence of any number of women widely recognized as capable of filling it.

Also it is rather more important for women than for men to know their own greatness, for women, in the nature of their racial experience, have had little incentive to acquire the indispensable faculty for making adherents by which an ideal is made socially coherent.

The only group in which woman has had much experience, the family, is not one to which she has succeeded through any proved fitness. It has been compacted much more by its inner necessities than by any faculty of hers for social correlations, and she has been able to proceed directly to its administration without the expenditure of energy required to bring together and organize unrelated social items. Finally, she has not been required to refer her standards of success in the administration of the family group to any criterions but her own preference. All of this has left her rather at a loss in the selection of leaders who must continually recreate their own groups out of shifting masses, and coördinate them in reference to standards subject to incalculable conditions of change. The man who expects to lead men understands that he must have, first of all, the gift for unifying their desires by making them feel less fragmentary. Now and then there arises a woman, like Frances Willard, endowed with this male faculty; but in all my experience with women I have met but two who could be called natural "spellbinders." At present the ranks of feminism are crowded with slightly bewildered individuals of more than average capacity, unable to proceed toward well conceived political goals because of their lack of the power to coördinate the masses even of their own sex.

It is possible that women, having had less experience in the type of group coördination by which political results are arrived at, are also less susceptible to the types of influence by which

men are politically unified. So, if they can not normally expect their great women to be born with that capacity for social electrification which is so often an overt sign of greatness in men, neither can they expect to recognize their great ones as men do, by the effects they produce. Great women must be sought for, and in order that the search may be successful, some method of knowing and utilizing them when found must be developed.

We are already clear on one point, which is that "greatest women" shall be great as women, and not in any sense imitators of men's quality of greatness. This is a way of saying that they must be, in type, maternal. Woman's genius may take protean forms, but its mode will be almost universally to seek fulfillment in group service rather than in the personal adventure.

Let me not be understood here as merely setting up the traditional compliment of woman's greater altruism. I am speaking of a mode of procedure rather than of moral qualities. So far as this disposition has showed itself, one may count on the fingers of one hand the instances where woman's tendency to group service has served society better, or even as well, as man's genius for personal distinction. What I mean by maternalism in greatness is not so much a question of ethics as of the nature and direction of the feminine drive. To take the field of woman's special "womanly" preëminence, the relief of pain, and conceding the incipience of such conspicuous relief as the field hospital and the Red Cross to women; have they accomplished any more by such measures than the man who discovered the use of chloroform, than Lister and Pasteur and a score of other men working separately, under pressure of ambition, intellectual curiosity or the hope of gain?

Men are often supremely qualified for working with and through the group by ambition, egotism, the will to power. Women are seldom good protagonists within the group; but by virtue of their maternal quality they are more likely to function at their highest only for and on account of the group, with a marked disposition to function more often administratively than constructively. Napoleon, I suppose, is the outstanding male type, enlarging France that he might himself be enlarged as Emperor of it, and Joan of Arc is the type maternal, spending

herself that France might be freed. With men the personal revelation which is the driving wheel of great careers is so interwoven with the male endowment that it is seldom, even for purposes of classification, to be separated from it. With women the revelation not infrequently transcends the feminine qualification. Thus great women are often accused of being masculine in their time—even Joan suffered under that stigma—and more often than not find it necessary to forego womanly rewards for the sake of maternal achievement.

In women whose genius is not social, the maternal faculty takes the form of that divine givingness without which one may not become great even as a courtesan.

If you think suddenly of a great actress, for example, you immediately think of some great actor or playwright to the elucidation of whose genius she devoted her own. If she is a great thinker, like Olive Schreiner or Mary Wollstonecraft, you find her thinking for other women. Always this givingness of great women differs from the givingness of men in being centered on the recipient rather than on the act. Eve, when she had secured the apple, found in the end nothing better to do with it than to give it to a man. Women will die for a faith, for a child or a lover. But men think it more important to die well when it is required of them, than to inquire why so much dying.

This disposition to emphasize the objective of greatness rather than its mode characterizes that other universal concomitant of greatness, as it is exemplified in women, the gift of prophecy. True greatness cannot exist only for the hour. In order to serve it must foresee, and in women, here again perhaps because of long training in the maternal capacity, the gift of prophecy tends to run forward to meet a specific occasion. It is men who make large impersonal claims upon the future of the universe, who write all the Utopias and invent the world machine. The prophecies of women are for the abolition of slavery, the prohibition of alcohol, the elimination of war. As for the great artist woman, depend upon it, she will be found in the last summing up more interested, as Sara Bernhardt is, for example, in making her art contributory than in making it exceptional.

But it is not quite enough for greatness that a woman should

be maternal in her quality and prophetic in her modes. She must also be greatly endowed.

It is at this point that the average American feminist fails. She is a poor judge of the personal equipment necessary for a woman who is to adventure successfully in the field of national or world accomplishment. Neither in respect to the work done, nor in the choice of critical substitutes for opinion, is she able in general to justify her preferences on established grounds. The most cursory examination of the lists under discussion showed that the women who made them had made their selection of the "greatest writer" and "greatest actress" with no reference to anything but their own preference. Following up this somewhat disconcerting revelation, an editorial writer in one of the women's magazines instanced six women, every one of whom might have been included among the "twelve greatest", namelessly, described by their achievement only. The guessing among the two million women subscribers as to the identity of the six went far to confirm the earlier suspicion that women in general can not discriminate between a woman who is truly distinguished and one who is merely prominent. There were an astonishing number of letters phrased somewhat like this: "I don't know what she has done, but I am sure So-and-So ought to be in this list." In part, this failure to identify the qualifications for distinction is the result of inexperience and the narrow range of social contacts among women, but in part, I am afraid, it is one of those inherent indifferences of women by which their past subjugation has been accomplished. Women are shrewdly intuitive about character, but by their apparent incapacity for soundly rating the intellectual endowment, and by their failure to establish criterions which compete successfully with men's criterions for the greatest and the next greatest, they have been obliged to accept leadership where men have found it.

The fact that men have shown themselves willing to follow women wherever greatness in the particular woman has been presented to them in terms with which they are familiar, militates against the old notion that women have been kept from leadership because of man's will to power. The great queens of the world have always been greatly served. Men accepted Joan of

Arc; they believed in Frances Willard; we owe it to man that the writings of Ellen Key became widely known in America. But in several of these cases, and possibly in all of them, there was present the faculty for psychological unification by which the group is made to cohere around a personality, to which men respond most readily, even when no other element of greatness attends it.

But one of the driving forces of the feminist movement has been the deep-seated opposition of women to the continuing of social control in the hands of political groups, unified and set in motion by the operations of personality. Especially are they opposed to the type of feminine control which is arrived at by the art of producing a given effect upon men. Yet by their failure to provide themselves with some sure way of knowing which women are intrinsically endowed with the qualification for a superior kind of leadership, they find themselves plunged in the alternative of not having any women in situations of pivotal political or intellectual influence. With the ballot in their hands, the influence of American women in international relations, in domestic policies, in education, in literature and the arts and religion and science, is still largely indirect.

There does not appear to be any immediate way out of this predicament. The process of educating even a minority of women to acute, impersonal judgments of natural capacity in other women, will be unavoidably long. Not much help can be expected from men; for though they have worked out an approximate method of arriving at objective judgments in respect to what is written or painted or discovered, their criterions are almost exclusively based on the way the thing has been done by men.

It must be remembered in this connection that though Joan of Arc depended for her following in the French Army on the personal reaction to her spiritual endowment, she was also a great military genius and gave to France the three modern modes of warfare which Napoleon afterward perfected, methodic organization of cavalry, grouping of artillery, and open order of infantry attack. These were things men could understand and honor accordingly.

Women in the arts, and in our institutions of scientific research, agree in insisting that back of the masculine will to power, and every type of professional competition, there is a more serious deterrent to the success of the women greatly and originally endowed. This is the general incapacity of men to recognize original genius when it occurs in a characteristic womanly manner. All testimony of professional women seems to agree on this point, that a woman who does a new thing has to wait much longer for recognition than a man would have waited for precisely the same thing. In view of recent revelations it hardly seems possible to go on charging this condition wholly to the account of masculinity.

Feminists generally are confessing themselves disappointed with the results, in the field of national influences, of their amazingly efficient organizations. Is it not, perhaps, that the very efficiency of such organizations tends to inhibit the expression of the fortunate variations of woman's genius, and let nothing through into the thought stream but the capacity for efficient organization? Long ago men discovered that this, in the absence of individual genius to be forwarded by it, is a sterile capacity indeed.

It is not unlikely that we have women of superlative quality in the United States; equal at least to the superlativeness of our men. What is lacking is some sure method of recognizing and making use of them.

MARY AUSTIN.

“CANADA’S NATIONAL STATUS”: A LAST WORD

BY W. P. M. KENNEDY

[*Professor Kennedy’s original article on CANADA’S NATIONAL STATUS appeared in the September, 1922, number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; Mr. John S. Ewart’s reply, under the same title, was in the December number; and the following is Professor Kennedy’s rejoinder.—THE EDITORS.*]

I HAVE no desire to enter into a controversy with my friend, Mr. John S. Ewart. He doubtless has a point of view, and doubtless so have I. On the other hand, it is I think necessary to make some reply to his criticisms of my article *Canada’s National Status*. This then is “a last word”.

First of all, I wish to make it clear that I attempted carefully to make a distinction between a “nation” and a “state”. When I wrote that at present Canada has no status as a sovereign state, I felt that I did not in the least contradict my previous statement that Canada’s national manhood had been suddenly matured by the events of 1914–1918. Mr. Ewart knows as well as I do that “nationhood” and “statehood” are not necessarily the same thing. Indeed I recognize fully, as perhaps he does, “*la nation Canadienne*” in the Province of Quebec.

Secondly, I know very well the dispatch of Sir Edward Grey to which he refers as a substantial modification of Lord Ripon’s conditions. Mr. Ewart states correctly the facts which issued from Grey’s instructions; but Grey instructed the imperial representatives at Paris and Rome that Canada desired to open negotiations with these Governments; he declared that the strict letter of Ripon’s conditions need not be adhered to, because the eventuality which they were intended to prevent had not taken place—lack of knowledge by the imperial Government; he stated that if a treaty were concluded at Paris the British representative there would sign with the Canadian negotiators, who were given full powers for the matter in hand.¹ It is obvious to

¹The French-Canada treaty just concluded has been signed not merely by Canadian Ministers but by the British Ambassador at Paris.

me at least that the powers given were given by the British Government, and Mr. Ewart knows that the treaty referred to was only finally approved and signed after most careful imperial consideration. The Foreign Office was behind the scenes all the time. Mr. Ewart knows that deviations from the conditions of 1895 and 1907 were pregnant with grave irritation in the Reciprocity move of 1911 between the United States and Canada.

I am quite aware that there is a long list of semi-international arrangements carried out by Canada, even leading up to the Radio-Telegraphic Conference where Canadians went with full powers, “on behalf of the Dominion of Canada”. This is referred to always as a dramatic advance, as they were outside the British Empire delegation. But it is just as well to remember that the Canadian delegates received their powers under the great seal of the United Kingdom, and that though control of these delegates so appointed might lead to the exposing of anomalies, there it existed: and the King ratifies any convention agreed on on the advice of imperial Ministers.

Of course, there may be inserted in political treaties clauses stating that Canada is not bound by them unless it gives formal assent. That I call only a “family compact” arrangement within the Empire. The Empire can make any plans it likes, just as was done in the treaty of June 20, 1919 to which Mr. Ewart refers. Internationally it is not worth a scrap of paper. This provision which Mr. Ewart calls “noteworthy”—that Canada may abstain from participation in an imperial war if it wants to—is purely gratuitous. We had not to wait for the pundits of Versailles to teach us what Sir Wilfrid Laurier had taught us years ago. All that such a clause can mean is that Canada is bound to no *active* participation in an imperial war. But Laurier also taught us that when Great Britain is at war Canada is at war. In other words, even though Canada is “bound by no political treaty to which it has not given formal consent,” even though it is generously told that no obligations lie in the matter of the Anglo-French treaty of June 20, 1919, unless approved by the Dominion Parliament, yet when Great Britain goes to war, Canada is in a state of war, is liable to attack; her citizens are “alien enemies”, along with those of Great Britain,

to Great Britain's foe. I believe there has been an advance in "national" status within the Empire in this connection; but in interstate life none. No foreign enemy is going to recognize the internal *modus vivendi* of the British Empire, and no foreign enemy is going to regard Canada from an interstate point of view in war, no matter how *inactive* Canada might be. The British Empire is in a state of war as a *whole*.

Mr. Ewart thinks that I underestimate the advance made in the proposal for a Canadian Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington, when I state that in the proposals "the diplomatic unity of the Empire has been expressly preserved". I may grant that it has received a "shock". I quoted, however, Mr. Bonar Law and I had in my mind especially the terms of appointment announced to the Dominion Parliament on May 10, 1920: The appointment will be made by the King on the advice of the Canadian Cabinet; and the arrangement will not denote any departure from the principle of imperial diplomatic unity. I also had specially in mind that during the debates Mr. Béland was informed by the then Minister of Justice that the Canadian Minister to Washington would be appointed by the King not merely on the advice of the Canadian cabinet, but on the advice of the imperial Foreign Secretary. Of course, it is open to Mr. Ewart to say that this is all an acquisition "of one of the elements of international status". That is a matter of opinion: I merely suggest that "international status" is not what Canada or Mr. Ewart or Professor Kennedy considers it to be, but what other states consider it to be; and there is not a state in the world that would recognize the appointment of a Canadian Minister to Washington as an element in international status as long as the approval of the *British* Foreign Secretary covered such appointment.

Mr. Ewart and I may differ about the position of Canada at the Peace Conference and at the League of Nations. In connection with the former I should only like to add that the Dominion possessed no voting power separate from the British Empire. Of course, the Council of Four controlled the situation, and the limitation was practically useless; but it is worth remembering. With regard to the League of Nations, I am quite conscious of

great difficulties. Mr. Ewart, however, concedes that I may be as wrong or as right as he is in my interpretation here, so I leave it at that.

There is hardly any necessity to reopen the debate about the “Imperial War Cabinet”. I have my opinion of it, which I have previously expressed. Sir Robert Borden, however, referred to the British Prime Minister as *primus inter pares*, saying that each nation preserved its perfect autonomy and the responsibility of its ministers to their electorates, when speaking to the Empire Parliamentary Association on April 3, 1917, while at the same time he laid stress on the equality of the Dominions with Great Britain in the work of the “War Cabinet”. Of course, in connection with its work Mr. Ewart may have information to which I have not had access, and he may be right in criticizing me for saying that its deliberations remained mere deliberations until concurred in by the British and Dominion Governments. I am perfectly willing to be corrected. In self-defense I relied on Sir Robert Borden who at least knew the Cabinet from within. Speaking in 1918 before the same Association he said that the War Cabinet was a cabinet of Governments and that its conclusions could only be carried out by the parliaments of the different nations of the imperial Commonwealth. I accept Mr. Ewart’s correction in connection with the method of correspondence between Canada and the imperial Government. I overemphasized the new arrangement.

Finally, there is little disagreement between Mr. Ewart and myself about the method by which Canada might leave the Empire. It is quite true that the Thirteen Colonies did not need any Imperial Act to do so, and neither does Canada if it wishes to accept a similar path—that of revolution. Indeed “the similar path” would be easier I think for Canada, as I do not imagine Great Britain would use compulsion to try to prevent it. All that I was concerned to challenge was the popular conception that Canada could pass an Act of Parliament dissolving the connection. The only constitutional method is an Imperial Act. I may be wrong if I have interpreted the Covenant of the League of Nations in the sense that it binds Canada closer to the Empire. I am aware of its difficulties. If Canada is a separate member of

the League, as distinct from the unity of the British Empire (as perhaps Mr. Ewart believes), I venture to think that it guarantees the territorial integrity and existing political independence of other members and that Article Ten fully applies. I say "if." If Canada is a member of the League within the unity of the Empire the binding force is obvious. I say "if". I do not pretend to decide.

I shall not enter into a discussion on sovereignty. There is no such thing as absolute sovereignty, one and indivisible. I am not trying to juggle with words, nor am I trying to make "a political unit out of two completely sovereign states". I do not believe any completely sovereign state exists or ever has existed, except among lawyers. I believe Canada has now a sovereignty—real, but relative. I believe Great Britain has the same. If this does not square with current international theory, so much the worse for the theory. I refuse, however, to be bound down by a theory of sovereignty which will not square with facts.

I am very glad that Mr. Ewart has replied to my position. Doubtless we may never agree, but in wholesome discussion we shall at least make it clear to the United States of America that it is very hard to explain the Canadian status, because we are none too clear on it ourselves.

W. P. M. KENNEDY.

WHAT IS PSYCHOLOGY?

BY HENRY C. McCOMAS

PROBABLY no other word in the English language can be found in so many connections as the word "psychology". The President of the United States connects it with business depression; ponderous German professors connect it with their war's failure. If we turn from the newspapers to the university libraries we find the word in more bewildering connections. We may take down a volume under the heading of *Psychology* and discover that it deals with the dancing mouse, or the spiritual aspirations of the mediæval monks. Nor are we helped very much when we pick up *The Psychological Index* and find thousands of articles of every description covering studies ranging from the knee-jerk to race degeneracy.

Naturally, a professional psychologist becomes accustomed to the question, "Well, after all, is there a real science of psychology?" He usually has a stereotyped reply, which he uses on these occasions. Often it is too brief to satisfy his questioner, and occasionally it is too tart to encourage further questioning. However, the question is a perfectly proper one and should be met with patience and as long an explanation as the questioner can endure. It is in the hope that these questions may become fewer that the present article is written.

There are certain clear characteristics which every true science possesses; should we fail to recognize these in any claimant we may be confident that it is not a science. The first of these is the method of making observations. All science is based on observation. Of course, everyone makes observations, some of them very accurate, and well worthy of a scientist; but ordinarily no one makes a sufficient number under varied conditions. To illustrate: a very common observation in winter is that, when one has a cold, he does not enjoy his meals, everything loses its taste. This, of course, is quite correct as far as it goes, but probably the

observer fails to notice whether the cold is in the head or the throat when he experiences this distaste to his meals. There, of course, lies the secret of the matter. If he has discovered that only a very bad cold, which closes the nasal passages, robs him of taste, he probably has not carried his observations further and learned that even under such conditions his tongue continues to report sensations of taste for things sweet, salt, sour, and bitter. This interesting bit of information anyone could acquire by persistent observation, and he would be traveling one of the by-paths of Science.

However, the highroad of Science and such a bypath soon diverge. For in scientific observation it becomes necessary to note every observation, whether it is interesting, whether it seems important, or not. This calls for long and tedious labor. Moreover, in those sciences which permit it, observation is made under controlled conditions. That is, the matters being observed are placed in some sort of a laboratory and carefully inspected while being subjected to as many differing conditions as promise different results for the observer.

By way of example: the reader observes that he fails to notice misprints in some words, but quickly detects them in others. A little closer observation shows him that it is not either the length of the word or the familiarity with it which causes the trouble. What, then, can it be? If the conditions of reading are carefully controlled we soon observe the reason. Lay a slip of paper upon a line of print, before reading the line, in such a way that only the lower halves of the letters show. Notice that it is almost impossible to read the line. Now place the slip so that the upper halves of the letters show. The line can be read with ease. Evidently words are more readily recognized by their upper portions than by the lower; because the upper part is better differentiated. The next step in such controlled observations would be to select a large number of words of the same length and the same print and to let the reader observe them each for an instant of time and thus discover what sort of words are the most easily read.

This last set of observations calls for a laboratory and an experimenter who is practised in this kind of work. Also, it calls

for a special apparatus which will show the whole word for any length of time from a fiftieth of a second up.

This leads us into another characteristic of a true science, namely, the development of what is called a technique. By that we mean a specialization in the methods of controlling conditions of observation. In psychology, as in other sciences, such a technique is well established. Indeed, the character of the observations is such that it has become necessary for experimenters to specialize and develop an especial technique for each class of investigation. Perhaps this characteristic is the most trustworthy one in determining the honesty of any claimant to the title of "a science". For that reason it will be worth our while to follow the development of some observations and their necessary technique.

Again, if the reader will observe the page before him he will notice that his eyes do not move uniformly across the lines of print. They make a succession of little jumps. These are very hard to detect. One ordinarily thinks his eyes move uniformly along the lines. Move your finger below a line, follow it with your eyes, notice how the letters blur. This is what would happen if your eyes moved uniformly across the page. If the reader is not convinced let him watch the eyes of a friend who is reading. Curiously enough this trick of the eyes is so seldom observed that we do not find the scientists discussing it until as late as 1879. Then some simple observations were made by merely watching the eyes as they moved, and the conclusion was drawn that one actually sees what he reads only when the eye pauses, and may read some ten letters during these pauses. That seems a rather startling observation. Can it be possible that we actually look at a page of print and fail to see it when the eyes dance from point to point? There are other observations of a very simple sort which point the same direction. Look closely at your eyes in a mirror. See if you can detect their movements. Glance from one eye to the other, look from one side of the right eye to the other side. Absolutely no movement can be seen. A friend standing beside you can easily observe your eye movements. Again, as you ride in the train your eyes follow the passing landscape. They must move, of course, in two directions,

they follow the direction of the passing objects, then quickly jerk back to a new point of vision and again follow the passing scenery. During these quick jerks of the return movements we do not see the scenery blur, or move in an opposite direction. We virtually see nothing.

To explain this apparent blindness during quick movements of the eye we need the aid of the psychological laboratory. Here we find that, as the years have gone by, a technique has developed and some interesting apparatus has been invented. When it became obvious that accurate observations could not be made by merely watching the eye resort was had to apparatus. Among the first of these was a clever device by which little movements of the eyelid touched an electric contact, which in turn caused a click in a microphone. Inasmuch as the eyelid makes a slight motion when the eyes make their little movements, it was possible to aid one's observation of the eye movement by means of the clicks. This apparatus did not always tell a true story, for the eyelid may quiver at other times than during their movement. It was necessary to have a more accurate device. The next step forward was made by several forms of apparatus. These involved attaching a light cup to the eyeball and connecting the cup to a very light marker, such as a very fine bristle. This, in turn, rested upon a sheet of paper covered with lampblack. Every movement of the eye made a tracing on the paper. From these tracings the movements of the eyes could be studied. From such devices a great deal of valuable information was obtained. However, it was felt that one may not read quite naturally under such conditions, so a further advance was made in ingenious apparatus. A beam of light was directed upon the side of the eye, where it would not disturb the reader, and reflected to a moving photographic plate. Now the reader could proceed with his reading quite free from any discomfort or distraction. Every pause and motion of his eye were written upon the sensitive plate.

We are now in the position, thanks to the patience and ingenuity of a number of able psychologists, to use a technique which gives us very accurate observations of these puzzling eye movements. We learn that the eye pauses from four to six times as it crosses the page of an average book. Of course, the shorter the

line the fewer the pauses. For the newspaper line the average reader makes something over three pauses. Furthermore, it is now possible to say with some confidence that a fast reader permits his eye, for about one-fifth of a second, to pause, before a quick movement carries it forward. This movement may swing the eye in arcs of from two to seven degrees, depending upon how far the book is held and how fast he can read. On the average the time occupied by these little leaps is twenty-three thousandths of a second. The return swing of the eye to the left hand side of the page requires about forty-one thousandths of a second.

If we ceased our observations with just this information we should probably conclude that the eye fails to see when it makes quick movements. But new conditions were tried, and it became apparent that when an object moves with the eye it can be seen. Furthermore, after persistent practice one can train himself to catch some of the field of vision while the eye is moving quickly. So it is evident that the eye does see during these swift motions; but, inasmuch as what it sees is badly blurred, the mind does not take cognizance of it. That is, the attention being directed towards certain definite things, no notice is taken of those brief reports of the eyes, with their blurred and useless material.

Should this be true we ought to be able to find many instances of the eye reporting to the mind and the mind ignoring such reports. And surely there are many such occasions. When the hunter brings his shotgun to his shoulder, usually both eyes are open, but he sees only along the line of his barrel. The left eye sees the side of the gun, but this is useless, and the hunter is unaware of it. If two large pieces of paper, one colored green and one colored red, are held before the eyes so that the right eye sees only green and the left eye only red, a curious thing occurs. One seems to see a whole field of red, or a whole field of green, sometimes a little of each field. But if a pencil is moved across the red paper the whole field of vision becomes red. If the pencil then is quickly moved across the green field, one sees only green. That is, the pencil directs the attention to one field or the other and you see that color to which the attention is directed.

From all these observations, some made easily, with no ap-

paratus and no technique, and some made after years of experimenting, under carefully controlled conditions, the psychologist is in a position to draw some safe inferences. He can harmonize fact with fact, and this enables him to establish a *law* in his science. It is the aim of every science to find such laws. The older sciences, dealing with less elusive materials, have discovered many such laws. When it is necessary to make many observations, under many varying conditions, a science is compelled to develop very slowly.

In psychology the fields of investigation differ so greatly in difficulty that progress is made in some directions much more satisfactorily than in others. We have been considering some experiments in perception. In general, a psychologist would class these experiments under the head of peripheral factors rather than central. That is, the studies were concerned with the functions of an end organ, the eye. But we saw that the study eventually took us to the consideration of the attention. The attention, of course, must be classed as a central process, along with memory, imagination, and reasoning. When we find ourselves observing phenomena of the central processes we become at once aware of the increased difficulty and complexity of our study.

Naturally, men with differing interests and temperaments are drawn into different fields of psychology. So we find some men who specialize upon a field which promises accurate findings and refusing to venture into such a *terra incognita* as the emotions. Indeed, the difficulties in psychological work are such that the experimenter finds himself drifting into a specialization. This is another characteristic of a real science.

Unlike any other science, psychology affords two classes of observations. One may observe by inspecting, or by introspecting. In the former case his attention is upon what occurs in the objective world. In the latter case his attention is directed to his own inner experiences. So difficult is this latter type of observation that some psychologists are tempted to abandon it. Others employ it with caution. Some champion it as the one unique method of their science and insist that it yields dependable results to those who have an aptitude for it.

Perhaps this should also be listed as a characteristic of Science. For it seems that no science has ever yet started without developing two or more different "schools". Each school must have its extremists and its moderates. Thus, we find psychologists who would define their science as a study of the phenomena of consciousness; while others would leave consciousness out of their province entirely. Between these two extremes the great body of moderates continue their experimenting, interested in both the behavior of an individual and his introspection. They would study a reader by observing the number of pauses his eyes might make, and they would supplement this by asking the reader if the material was interesting and easily read. From this study of both the outward behavior of the reader and his introspection they learn that the eye moves more quickly over subject matter which is interesting, and more sluggishly over the lines which make a less appeal to the reader's interests.

Interest and attention are matters of vital importance. Everyone may well concern himself with these matters. Every educator does. Unfortunately in this realm our observations cannot be made with the accuracy we should desire. Attention is undoubtedly a factor in every mental process. Interest is related in an intricate way to one's feelings, emotions, and indeed to one's entire personality. When psychology can go with confidence along her well-laid highroads through these difficult fields we shall have the most serviceable science of them all. To-day no such highways exist. We have only surveyors and adventurers. From the former we may obtain some facts of a dependable character; from the latter we get glowing descriptions. Of course these descriptions are not without their value. Many an adventurer can supply us with information the surveyor would never think of reporting. So eager are we to learn about the subtle and elusive phenomena of human nature that any explorer finds willing listeners. But is this science? Is it psychology? A qualified "yes" may be given both queries. It is psychology largely because we cannot find anything else to call it. It is science in so far as the observations are sufficiently numerous and accurate to enable us to harmonize fact with fact and describe some tentative "laws".

It would seem, then, that as we go from the knee-jerk to race degeneracy we go from the more certain to the less certain. Unfortunately, we also go from the less interesting to the more interesting. And this is the bane of psychology. In fields where facts may be established with scientific precision no one cares to tarry long. But in fields where one may get a glimpse of the motives which drive us through life, the emotions that lift us to great heights, or plunge us into the depths, everyone is eager to go. As a result psychology is always subject to the temptation to move too quickly into the unsettled territory.

To-day psychiatry has won a wide interest. Observations made upon many patients suffering from different forms of mental disorder have yielded some theories concerning central principles of the personality. Such valuable practical results have been obtained, with so many cases, that it is not surprising to find the theories occasionally discussed as "laws". To the scientist, trained to use an exact technique and a precise apparatus, these "laws" seem rather precarious. Psychologists, trained by their laboratory experience, find the field of psychiatry hard to survey with their appliances. From time to time the psychiatrist and the psychologist have tried to get together. It is to be hoped that the future will see better team work than the past.

If it is difficult to adapt the scientific methods of psychology to abnormal mental states, it is far more difficult to use them in such fields as those of Art, Morals and Religion. Indeed, when we find human nature out in the open and so constituted that it changes when we thrust it into a laboratory, it is perfectly obvious that our rigid technique and precise apparatus cannot be used. A great, important, but ill-defined field, which might be called Social Psychology, cannot be housed under any roof. No laboratory can accommodate it. Does this mean that we must abandon our scientific methods? Shall we fasten the sign over this great field: "Abandon science, all who enter here"? No; the methods used under the roof cannot be used in the open, but that does not imply no new methods are possible. The old principles of many observations, under many conditions, still apply. In place of the laboratory apparatus and technique comes now the statistical method. It must do service in evaluating the ob-

servations. Have we now something that may be called a science? In part; in so far as observation and statistical treatment yield a series of facts which are in harmony with each other and indicate underlying laws.

Psychology, then, with its rigid methods of observation in the structure and functions of the nervous system, the sensations and perceptions; with its less exact technique for the attention, memory and imagination; with its occasional explorations in feeling, emotion and volition, is truly entitled to be called a science. Psychology, as it played its part in the great war and as it is playing its part in the industrial world, has brought some of the methods of the laboratory to the outside world, and still retains its title. Psychology, as it seeks to find some laws of causation in the social consciousness, in racial traits, in national ideals and in kindred matters, is scientific only when the investigator is a scientist. Psychology in the hands of the untrained can, and does, enter every field of interest. It explores the human conscience, it tears the drapery from the soul, it leaves nothing unexplained; it makes few observations but many explanations. Upon a fact, or a half fact, it founds a "system". These "little systems have their day; they have their day and cease to be".

What is psychology? It is the study of human nature. It is scientific. It is unscientific. Where is it the one, where is it the other? Who shall draw the line? In the meantime, as charity is a cloak that covers saint and sinner, so psychology will still head the shelves upon which stand the books written by Science, Near-Science and Nescience.

And it is all "Psychology"!

HENRY C. MCCOMAS.

THE ROSEBUD WALL-PAPER

BY AMY LOWELL

So you been peekin' int' th' winders o' the old porch house to the Four Corners,
Have ye?

Wall, I dunno as anybody wouldn't be puzzled
Not knowin' nothin' 'bout it, an' seein' it the way 'tis.
I bet you had a time pushin' through them cat-briers
That's grewed up all about it.

Terrible stiff bushes they be, and the scratchiest things goin'.
Oh, you needn't tell me!

Many's the first-class tear I've got from 'em in my time.
Not those pertic'ler ones, I ain't no call to go shovin' through them,
An' what on earth you wanted to tackle 'em for beats me.
But, since you been ther',

It's just nater you should want to know.
A house all sagged down an' rotted, an' the chimbly fell,
An' every room spick an' span with new wall-paper!
Sort o' creepy, was it?

I guess the creeps is ther' all right,
But we figgered we'd smothered 'em with that rosebud paper.
Mrs. Pearson, the doctor's wife, had the choosin' of it.
She went to Boston a purpose when the town decided to put it on.
I al'ays thought 'twas kind o' gay for what they wanted it for,
But Mrs. Pearson said it had ought to be gay,

An' she's a real tasty woman;
Nobody darsn't go agin her judgment in this town,
Least of all the selectmen with the doctor chairman o' the board.
Well, Mr. Day, ther's a good long story to that wall-paper.
The beginnin's way back, all of thirty year, I guess.
Ther' was a storekeeper here at that time, name o' Amos Sears.
He warn't a native o' th' place,

I've heered he come from somewheres down Cape Cod way,
He just sort o' drifted here an' stuck.

His wife was dead, an' he had a son, young Amos,
Who used to play around with us boys.

You know what boys be, al'ays in an' out o' one another's pockets.
Young Amos was a fine, upstandin' chap.

We all favored him, but he an' Luke Bartlett was like a plum an' its skin,

You couldn't peel 'em apart.
They beat the band for mischief an' high jinks,
The rest of us just follered along an' caught the lickin's.
'Bout the time we was gittin' through school, old Amos died.
We thought, o' course, young Amos 'd settle right down to the shop,
But he wouldn't hear to it, said he couldn't rest quiet without he'd done a bit
o' trapesin'
Afore he took root for keeps;
An' first thing we knew, he'd hired Tom Wetherbee to look after the business
An' was off.
He wanted Luke should go with him,
But Luke was a real steady youngster, he'd 'prenticed himself to a stone-
mason,
An' wouldn't budge.
I guess now he wishes some he'd gone,
But I dunno, 'tain't easy seein' into other folks' minds.
I went studyin' surveyin' to Barre
An' warn't here when Amos left.
Luke heerd from him two or three times,
But pretty soon the letters stopped.
Tom Wetherbee went on 'tendin' to the shop
An' payin' his own wages out o' the earnin's.
What he didn't need for repairin' an' to keep the stock up, he put in the bank
for Amos,
But Amos never drewed any of it,
So it just piled up.
What Amos lived on, I dunno, he never told nobody to my knowledge.
But he lived somehow, an' after ten years
He come back with a wife.
Mrs. Amos was a fine figger of a woman,
With eyes like steel traps, an' a tongue like a mowin' machine.
She al'ays reminded me of a sumach when it's turned in the Autumn,
Sort o' harsh an' bright. You couldn't see nothin' else
When she was around, but she warn't the easy kind,
Her nerves was like a bundle o' firecrackers,
An' it didn't take no slow-match to light 'em.
She could do anythin' she set her hand to,
But she made such a touse doin' it
You'd full as lives not have it done.
Amos found quite a bit o' money waitin' for him in the Wiltshire bank,
An' he found the store in extra good shape,
So the first thing he done was to buy a house.
Not the one you see, that didn't come till later,
The third house from the post-office was his.

Then he took Tom Wetherbee into partnership
An' moved into his new house, an' things begun.
They begun with a vengeance, but we didn't know nothin' for some time.
The house, maybe you noticed, stands quite a piece above the road.
Did you see anythin' queer 'bout the grass either side the steps?
Well, that was 'cause Amos and Mrs. couldn't come to no agreement 'bout
 fixin' up the lawn.

He set by a straight slope an' she wanted terraces,
So they had a straight slope to one side an' terraces to the other.
Amos made a joke of it, but Mrs. Amos she made a grievance;
She made most everythin' a grievance.
She was al'ays runnin' roun' an' tattlin' aginst Amos.
I expect she had one o' them tongues they say's hung in the middle;
If one end got tired, all she had to do was let it be an' go right along with the
 other.

When she warn't scoldin' Amos, she was scoldin' 'bout him.
But in the end 'twarn't him as give, 'twas her.
She up an' runned away, boarded the afternoon train to Boston
One day while he was mindin' the shop.

When Amos found out she'd gone
He got Bill Rivers (Rivers kep' the livery stable then) to hitch up his Morgan
 mare in a couple o' shakes
An' drive him over to the junction, lickety split, to ketch the night train from
 Fitchburg.

He ketched it all right, but 'twas nip an' tuck,
The conductor was hollerin' "All aboard!" when they come in sight o' the
 depot.

I mind Rivers was some put out 'cause Amos didn't say a single word
All the way over,
Didn't even think to thank him when he got him ther'.
Amos was back in a little over a week,
But he didn't bring Mrs. Amos with him.
Luke went up to see him right away,
An' he told Luke Mrs. Amos had gone for a stewardess on a Halifax steam-
 boat.

She had the sea in her blood, he said,
An' he guessed she couldn't be happy livin' so far from it.
It seems she was a New Bedford woman,
An' all her folks had been whalers.
Everybody supposed as how Amos would sell his house an' shop
An' go an' settle somewheres his wife would like.
But he didn't do no such thing.
He just hung on, lookin' as gloomy as a rainy fourth o' July;
An' he kep' a-hangin', neither here nor ther' exactly,

He didn't seem fixed to stay, an' he didn't go.
Things went on like that for more'n a year,
An' then Amos bought that parcel o' land to the Four Corners, an' put up
the house you see.
When 'twas finished, he sold the old house an' moved in.
He druv into town every day to the store,
But folks didn't go out to see him.
He'd turned terr'ble glum an' pernickety,
An' Luke was the only man on real terms with him.
You couldn't git anythin' out o' Luke,
He was mum as a fish.
That's how we didn't come to hear 'bout Mrs. Richards bein' with Amos
Till she'd been ther' quite a spell.
I dunno's we'd ever have heered but for Bill Rivers drivin' some Summer
boarders
Up Hog Back one August afternoon.
One o' the ladies had a faintin' fit or somethin',
An' Rivers stopped to Amos's to ask if she couldn't rest ther' while the others
went on.
He was took all aback when Mrs. Richards come out.
Rivers was a awful talker,
He'd twist a bit o' news under his tongue same as if 'twas a chaw o' tobaccer
An' I never see a man take such relish in spreadin' it.
So the whole town knowed 'bout Mrs. Richards 'fore he'd been back an hour.
You know how folks be, once git a story started
An' it's off rampagin' like a forest fire.
Somebody said Luke'd know, and two or three went up to Luke's
And asked him.
But Luke just said "Why not? Amos had to have some one to do for him,
An' Mrs. Richards was a respectable widow from Millbridge."
Ther' warn't no gainsayin' that, when Luke pointed it out,
But what folks don't say ain't al'ays a handle to what they thinks.
Luke was a real smart man, an' he wouldn't listen to a word against her an'
Amos,
An' nobody darsn't say a thing to Amos himself nat'rally.
So it went on. Amos had a hired housekeeper, said Luke;
Amos had somethin' he shouldn't have had, said others.
But that was only hearsay, an' Mrs. Richards's husband had been the post-
master to Millbridge for years
Until he'd been took off by the pneumony three years before,
An' left nothin'.
"So his widow had to work," said Luke's friends.
Amos's friends didn't say nothin', seein' he didn't rightly have any,
Barrin' Luke, but that was enough.

Luke was a powerful perseverin' man, an' wouldn't stand no nonsense.

But, spite o' Luke, ther' was talk, heaps of it.

You can't keep women from enjoyin' a story like that.

Nor men neither, I guess.

A good few o' the boys went out to Amos's

An' they telled how cozy 'twas out ther',

With white curtins to the winders

An' the chiny on the dresser all set out elegant,

Nothin' out o' place an' a sort o' cheery look to everythin'.

Amos had planted apple-trees and they was just come to bear.

Early sugar apples they was, you know the kind,

Yaller streaked with red and sweet as honey.

To hear the talk you'd think no one else in the town

Had apples. Boys will be boys, even when they ain't,

An' ther' was somethin' 'bout Mrs. Richards menfolk couldn't have enough of.

But Amos didn't turn a hair, he know'd his woman.

'Twas al'ays the same—apples, an' cookies, an' blackberry jam, an' a welcome.

Amos warn't like the same man he was to the store,

He'd laugh an' joke, for all the world like he used to do in the old days;

'Twas good to hear him.

The women didn't go, though I guess they was itchin' to,

But none on 'em darst begin.

Women is sticklers for custom,

An' all that whisperin' made a sort o' fence

They couldn't break through.

I've sometimes wondered if that ain't the real use o' women,

To keep things goin' on even and straight, with no bumps an' jumps to on-settle ye.

O' course ther's the other kind o' women, the Mrs. Amos kind,

But, praise the Lord, I ain't had much to do with them.

But, however stiddy they be, women is terr'ble cur'ous critters,

They can't git along without a deal o' worritin' 'bout the neighbors' concerns.

An' I do believe our Parson's wife was the most cur'ous woman ever was.

She was at the Parson from mornin' till night to go out to Amos's.

You see she wanted to know how things was at first hand,

But she know'd better'n to say so.

What she said was that his duty called him to go an' see if Amos was a errin' man;

If he kep' a scarlet woman to the corners, the Parson ought to try an' git him away from her

An' save his soul.

'Twas a bitter strong argiment to use to a Parson,

An' she used it every day an' all day.

'Twas clear he wouldn't git no peace till he went,
An' Parson Eldridge loved peace.
He was a meek little man
An' didn't hold with pokin' in wher' 'twarn't agreeable,
But he had to go, an' he did.
Mrs. Eldridge must have been mortal disappointed,
For all he said when he come back was
That Amos didn't appear to be livin' in sin.
He didn't say he warn't, mind you,
But he 'lowed to his wife he couldn't see no openin' to start savin' his soul.
"The Almighty works in his own ways," he said,
"An' Amos has had a heavy cross to bear."
He didn't name no names, but it set us all to thinkin' o' Mrs. Amos
An' what a dance she'd led Amos.
It made us feel sorry for him,
An' after that we kind o' sidelooked his failin'
If so be as 'twas one,
An' the tittle tattle an' speculatin' died down.
Also we was gittin' used to things, I guess.
Well, they kep' that way fer a good fifteen year,
An' then one night Amos called the doctor on the telephone
His voice was gritty an' shakin', so the doctor said afterwards,
An' he know'd at once somethin' had happened.
Mrs. Richards was real bad, Amos said,
Could the doctor come right away?
So Dr. Pearson got out his flivver an' started for the Corners.
'Twas just commencin' to snow, but 'twarn't so deep the car couldn't run,
Nor it warn't so light it didn't matter.
'Twas one o' them stingin' snowstorms,
With the flakes so little you can't hardly see 'em
But drivin' with a awful force.
That kind o' snow don't seem to lay none at first,
But ther' ain't no melt to it, an' it goes on an' on,
Comin' every way to oncet, an' blowin' up into drifts which you can't make
out wher' they be or ain't till you're on 'em.
One side the road'll be swep' clear,
An' the other all piled up with snow higher'n your head,
An' all the time you're as good as blind
'Count o' the flakes bein' so sharp an' sheddin' down so almighty fast.
Some men wouldn't have gone out;
Dr. Blake to Millbridge wouldn't, I know,
But Dr. Pearson went wher' he was needed;
Battle an' murder an' suddin death couldn't stop him if any one was sick.
It took him all of an hour to git to the Corners,

An' he know'd when he got ther' he couldn't git back.
Amos met him at the door.
"I mistake but you're too late, Doctor," says he.
And so 'twas. Mrs. Richards was dead.
She'd had a heart attack, and died while the doctor was on his way.
The doctor done what he could just to comfort Amos by doin' somethin',
But in the end he had to tell him 'twas all over.
Then the doctor was scared, Amos acted so queer.
He turned as white as marble, an' as stiff.
He stood ther', lookin' down at the bed,
Lookin' with his eyes like stones o' fire,
Froze an' burnin' at the same time.
He never moved 'em from the dead face,
Just stared still as ice, as if he was all shelled in it,
But somethin' hot an' hard was scaldin' him inside.
The doctor tried to rouse him, but he didn't seem to hear.
Then the doctor took his hand an' raised it up,
But when he let it go, it fell down by his side agin,
An' Amos didn't seem to notice that he'd took it an' dropped it.
Doctor Pearson couldn't leave him ther' alone,
An' he couldn't go anyway 'cause o' the storm.
The snow kep' risin' higher an' higher on the winders.
The door was clean blocked, an' when mornin' come
The doctor couldn't see his car, 'twas all buried in.
All night long Amos had stood just the same way,
Starin' at the dead woman.
He might have been dead himself, or a monument.
He didn't give a sign he was livin',
Only ther' was mist on a hand-glass the doctor held to his mouth.
The doctor tried to force some coffee down his throat,
But his jaw was clinched an' he couldn't prize it open.
He tried to throw him over so's he could git him layin' down,
But he couldn't budge him no more'n if he'd been a granite boulder.
Seem's he had the stren'th o' ten men
Just to keep standin' ther' lookin' at that dead body.
'Twas a Sunday night Amos called the doctor,
An' 'twas Wednesday mornin' afore the storm broke.
An' all that time Amos had stood ther' without movin' a muscle,
Only he'd sort o' shrunk together; not stoopin', I don't mean,
But collapsin' in sideways.
The doctor put it he looked brittle,
Like you might snap him in two but couldn't overset him nohow.
Maybe 'twas the sunlight done it. The sun shone straight in his eyes,
But he never even winked 'em, just kep' on lookin' an' lookin'.

'Bout 'leven o'clock a sleigh come for the doctor.
They'd been tryin' to git to him for two days
But couldn't, the drifts was so high;
They'd had to shovel most o' the way as 'twas.
When the doctor let 'em in ('twas the two Fowler boys and Sam Gould)
The first thing he told 'em was to come upstairs an' help him with Amos.
But they hadn't hardly set foot in the room
When Amos tumbled over on the floor—same as a tree, they said,
Stiff from head to foot, not limp like a man in a faint.
The boys picked him up and laid him on the bed in the next room,
An' the doctor worked over him; but 'twas hours 'fore he give a sign o' life,
An' when he did, he went right out of his head with fever.
He warn't sensible for some days, and by that time the funeral was over an'
done with.
They telled him how 'twas when they thought he could stand it,
But he didn't seem to care,
I guess he'd buried her in his mind long before,
Durin' the storm.
Folks was awful sorry for Amos,
But he didn't act to take much stock in that neither.
He got up an' went about,
But he didn't go to the store no more,
An' he didn't take no steps to git a new housekeeper.
Mrs. Eldridge had a string o' middle-aged women to suggest for the place,
But the Parson kep' her off him somehow.
I al'ays had a likin' for the Parson after that;
Maybe he'd sensed more'n we thought, all along.
He was a good man, too good to go interferin' with the Almighty's doin's,
An' that's what you can't say o' most parsons.
Come Spring, one afternoon when Luke Bartlett was workin' in his yard,
Tinkerin' at a funereal urn for Elder Townsend's monument,
Who should come creepin' in but Amos Sears.
Luke was all took aback seein' him comin' in so quiet,
Almost stealin' in, you might say,
'Cause Amos had shown him pretty plain that he didn't set nothin' by seein' him.
Luke was a sensitive man, an' Amos turnin' from him had hurt him dretful.
Amos crep' up to him, peerin' as if he couldn't see very well,
An' hangin' onto his stick like 'twas a third leg he couldn't do without.
"Luke," says he, "Luke, we been old friends, you an' me."
"We have, Amos," says Luke.
"Luke," says Amos agin, "I've had a sight to bear in my life."
"You have, Amos," says Luke.
"'Tis you, Luke, an' you only can ease me now, if you will," says Amos; an'
ther' was tears in his eyes.

Luke seen 'em an' they made him feel sick all over,
Amos warn't one to cry.
Now what do you s'pose it was he wanted Luke should do?
Why, make a gravestone for Mrs. Richards, an' that was all ther' was to it.
Everythin' went slick as paint till they come to th' inscription;
Amos had that all writ out nice on a piece of paper
An' he read it to Luke.
"Here lies the body o' Mary Richards,
Beloved friend an' onlawful wife o' Amos Sears,
For seventeen years his sole comfort by the grace o' God.
Blessed be the name of the Lord Whose ways are inscrutable.
Erected by her bereaved husband in the sight o' Heaven wher' ther's no
marriage nor givin' in marriage,
But joyful meetin' without end for ever an' ever. Amen."
Luke took the paper when Amos handed it to him,
But he couldn't git aholt o' no words quick enough to speak 'em.
Maybe he'd know'd al'ays, same as Parson Eldridge,
Maybe he'd thought what he said he did.
But anyways you look at it that inscription was a baffler.
Here was Amos givin' himself away to the whole town.
He put it to him so, but Amos said he wouldn't keep it hid no more,
That 'twas like the burnin' bush to him,
The love they'd bore each other.
Then Luke argid 'twas sacrilege to ask the blessin' o' the Lord for a onsanc-
tified union.
"Who says 'twarn't sanctified?" shouted Amos.
"She was the Lord's givin' to lighten the sorrow He'd set so heavy on me.
God's just, as I've heerd from the pulpit many a time,
An' I don't cal'ate you're denyin' it,
An' He done the square thing by me.
I'd be a limpin' coward if I didn't proclaim it to all an' sundry,
Witness as I be to His mercy an' comprehendin' kindness."
That was too much for Luke. He was a Godfearin' man,
An' he thought Amos had gone blaspheming crazy.
But Amos hadn't, not then.
They went at it, hammer an' tongs,
Each talkin' nineteen to the dozen.
Then the pity of it come over Luke,
An' he said he'd try to see it Amos's way
An' tell him in a month when the stone'd be near done.
An' Amos had to do with that for the time bein'.
Luke made the gravestone just as Amos said,
Of good black slate, with the top poked up in a little round just big enough
for a angel's head,

An' the wings reachin' out right an' left underneath—
Luke had a won'erful knack with angels, he put on most all his stones—
But when it come to th' inscription, he couldn't stomach it.
So he just put "Here lies Mary Richards. God's will be done."
He'd worked it out that them words'd fit most anythin' an' they wouldn't
shock nobody.
If Amos was right 'bout the Almighty's designins, they'd mean that,
An' if he warn't, they'd mean otherwise. They'd come in handy either way.
Then he went an' set it up himself,
I guess he was kind o' afeard Amos might break it or somethin'.
Well, the month was up by then, an' he had to give his answer to Amos.
I dessay he didn't look forward to it any,
But Luke warn't the man to shirk a duty,
An' that very evenin', soon's supper was over, he started for the Corners.
Luke never telled what happened that night, but I know for a fact that him
an' Amos never spoke agin.
Ther' warn't much time fer speakin', as a matter o' fact,
For 'twas the next Tuesday I went up to the graveyard.
I don't mind now why, I hadn't buried none o' my folks for years,
But I did go up, an' wandered round for a spell,
An' all of a suddin I come on Mrs. Richards's grave.
I didn't know nothin' 'bout th' inscription,
Luke didn't say anythin' 'bout it till 'twas all over,
So 'twarn't that made me look at the stone.
Then I couldn't scarcely b'lieve my eyes,
The stone was all writ over with red letters.
First I thought they was blood,
But then I see they was red chalk runnin' straight between the lines Luke
had cut.
Yes, Sir, you've guessed it. 'Twas Amos's inscription,
Fixed so's to read right along with Luke's;
An' Luke's letters was chalked too, it looked all of a piece a little ways off
Thinks I, the man who could do that must be goin' through blazes,
His grievin' must have plumb crazed him,
I guess 'twould be a Christian act to go an' see how he be.
I warn't anxious for goin', but I didn't see how any decent man
Could leave them letters an' just go off home.
I'll never forgit that drive to the Corners, never.
Every tree I passed looked so's I'd never seen it till that minit,
They stuck out at me an' made me notice 'em,
I can almost tell you how many leaves ther' was to every branch.
An' ther' was the Ford chuggin' away,
An' the thrushes singin' their sunset songs,
An' the sun goin' down behind Hog Back.

My! How black the mountain was with the sky turnin' all kinds o' colors
be'ind it,
An' the air comin' cool an' damp when we struck the shadow o' the mountain!
'Twas all shadow to Amos's, but back yonder t'other side o' the valley was
full o' sun,
It holds a good hour longer down ther'.
I jumped out o' the car an' knocked on the door,
But nobody answered.
Then I done the same as you did, I peeked in't th' winders.
But I couldn't see if Amos was inside or not.
In the end I just made bold an' opened the door.
Red chalk, did I say?
Red, an' white, an' green, an' blue, an' purple chalk!
'Twas chalk, chalk, all roun' the room!
An' 'twas ships done with chalk!
Ther' was a steamboat fightin' waves as tall as the funnels,
Roarin' over her they was, with a noise like artil'ry;
I swear I heered 'em, an' I sensed she'd be swamped in a minit.
'Twas a rackin' thing to watch her strugglin' to keep up
With no more chance than a fly under a pump-spout.
An' another steamboat (they was all steamboats) runnin' on rocks, black rocks,
with red an' green waves dashin' the ship onto 'em.
The next was the ship goin' to pieces,
An' the waves was all full o' people clingin' to bits of wood.
Some was hangin' on a little longer, some was drownin' as you looked.
I can't describe how awful 'twas.
One ship was afire, with great tongues o' yaller flame bustin' through black
smoke.
Not another vessel was near, just the heavin' sea wallowin' in the glitter o'
the flames.
Ther' was a steamer struck by a bolt o' lightnin',
Riv' clear down the middle, an' the crew was takin' to the life-boats,
An' the life-boats was over-loaded an' sinkin' as fast as they was launched.
I was cold all over with lookin' 'fore I come to the last,
An' that was the worst of all.
'Twas a dismayed hulk driftin' with the run o' the waves,
Only ther' warn't no waves, the ocean was calm,
So calm it made you want to scream.
Dawn was comin', an' the light was just showin' that ther' was a ocean at all,
But 'twarn't no good to see it for ther' warn't nothin' to see but it.
'Twas done pretty big, an' you could make out ther' was somebody on the
ship,
An' that 'twas a woman.
Somehow you know'd she was all the folks ther' was,

An' the hulk had drifted out o' way o' other ships,
An' that 'twas just goin' to float along like that with the woman on it
Till the food give out an' she died o' starvation.
By that time I was in a sweat all over.
There was a lonesomeness an' a downright nastiness 'bout them picters
I can't describe to ye,
But you'd have felt it too, if you'd seen 'em.
I'm glad you didn't, I wouldn't wish any one to be haunted by 'em same as
I been.
I'd just finished an' was startin' all over agin 'cause I couldn't keep from it,
When Amos come in.
"You didn't know I could do nothin' like that, did you?" says Amos,
Beginnin' in the middle, with not so much as a "How d'you do?" to set
things goin'.
"No," says I, "I didn't. Be these your doin'?"
"They be," says he. "I'm pretty smart at drawin' now.
I guess ther's more in a man than he knows till he tries."
I didn't answer, not findin' what to say,
But he didn't notice that.
"I been at it all Winter," he says,
"Quick as I worked out a new way for the sea to kill
I slapped it down on the wall yonder.
I guess I ain't left out a single one; if I learn I have, I'll put it on the ceilin'.
Curse that woman! One on 'em must strike!
The sea's so notional at killin' 'twon't leave her be much longer.
Stan's to reason she's nearin' her term.
Eighteen year she's been at it, temptin' it an' floutin' it
Same's she's flouted me.
The sea won't desert me the way Luke done,
The sea'll be my friend.
Ain't I prayed to it every night an' mornin'
To git her quick?
I shall go mad 'fore long if somethin' don't happen.
Joshua"—an' he grabbed my arm—"you think it'll git her pretty soon,
don't ye?"
I was scared, Mr. Day, scared to hear him sayin' such things.
He was tremblin' from head to foot, an' his eyes had a mean, dry look in 'em
I'd never see in nobody's.
"Amos," I says, "be you speakin' o' your wife?"
"You tarnation fool!" says he, droppin' my arm an' ragin' off roun' the room,
"Of course I be. If I warn't a God damn coward, I'd kill her with my own
hands.
But the sea's my depity; I've appointed it in my place, an' I'm just waitin'
for news.

An' I'll wait till Hog Back's a valley, an' don't you go doubtin' it."
I didn't doubt, I was beginnin' to know Amos,
But what he said riled me so, I couldn't keep from hollerin' out:
"God in Heaven, man, don't you know she was drowned in a wreck two
year ago?"
'Twarn't right to tell him like that, an' I was ashamed to the marrer at what
I'd done the minit after,
For Amos went down as if he'd been shot.
You see, Mr. Day, he couldn't git a devorce
'Count o' havin' signed a paper agreein' to a separation when his wife left
him,
An' that queered his case accordin' to law.
An' here he might ha' been married to Mrs. Richards for two years anyway,
If he'd ha' know'd.
I can't think how he didn't, 'cept that 'twas in a Portland paper I read it
One time when I was down that way.
'Twas enough to upset any man comin' on him suddin like that,
But I warn't prepared for his way o' takin' it.
I hadn't had time to think o' the half o' what I'm tellin' you
When he was up an' runnin' at me with a chair.
"Get out!" he screamed. "You get out, or I'll smash you into hell!"
Chair for chair, I was no match for him,
It was just dodge an' run for me.
When I got to the door I made a bolt for it,
An' I'd just got my car goin' when he reached me,
But a motor on high ain't a thing to fool with
An' I got away.
I druv for all the car was worth to Parson Eldridge's
An' telled him the whole story.
He got a posse o' men together an' off we all went back to Amos's.
But we couldn't find him anywheres about the place.
Parties searched the woods, and the ponds was dragged,
But we never come on a thing, not till this day.
Nobody knows if he's dead or livin'.
All the towns for miles was notified,
But he warn't never found,
No one ain't ever see hair or hide of him since that day.
That was six Summers come next,
An' anybody you don't know's dead ain't lawfully such for I don't know how
many years,
So nothin' couldn't be done with his effects.
Ther' stood the house an' them fearsome picters,
Any one could see 'em through the winders if they was lookin' for 'em,
An' they was scary as I can't tell ye.

It got to be a dare with the little fellers to go out an' peek,
An' some o' the boys couldn't sleep nights for 'em.
After John Baxter's youngest screamed himself into fits,
The selectmen took it on themselves to order the walls papered.
'Twouldn't injure his property none to put it on, they 'lowed,
He could rip it off when he come back, if he'd a mind to.
The house must ha' been jerrybuilt to have fell away so in the time,
But that was kind o' like Amos's life, warn't it?
'Twas jerrybuilt clear through, I guess.
But you just thank your stars for them rosebuds, that's all.

BUNYAN, THE BIBLE AND BEDFORD-SHIRE

BY LLEWELYN POWYS

NEVER was there a man who was more conscious of the drama of life than John Bunyan: never a man whose philosophy fell more pat upon the footprints of his earthly wayfaring. And the whole store of his simple meditations were derived directly from the Bible. The Bible and Bedfordshire—in those two words we have the sources from which he drew all his inspiration; the grave, formidable sentences of the old Authorized Version working upon the imagination of a countryman whose days had for their background the familiar pastoral landscape of seventeenth century England with its fields and elm trees, its church steeples and turnpike ale houses.

Every incident of his desperate spiritual struggles has for its setting some scene from the unsophisticated visible world that he knew so well. Indeed he could never rid his hungry, religion-haunted mind of the conception that the commonest pastimes of the old world village life of Elstow were actually taking place under the unclosing and awful eye of God! He could not go up into the belfry of the church tower to ring out the old year on a frosty winter's night but it was an action remarked upon by his conscience; he could not dance on the village green on a mid-summer's evening without strange misgivings intruding themselves into his rustic head. The very puddles in the roads, the very settles by the way, the very adders in the grass, were associated in his mind with this or that religious experience. All the sights and sounds of nature brought with them their particular message—the “yawling, bawling cuckoo” in a wayside spinney, the swift-flying swallows circling about the old “Moot Hall”, the “comely, ruddy dog-roses” in the dew-drenched field hedges, the glinting flint stones lying at the bottom of the river Ouse!

And yet it would be a mistake to bring an accusation of senti-

mentality against him. The very power of his style rests upon a certain quality of tough, racy, realism. It is as infracturable and sinewy as a freshly grown willow sapling, and it has about it something of the robust aroma that belongs to the more sturdy kinds of wild flowers such as yarrow and ground ivy. And yet how pathetic are the spiritual contests undergone by this strong, simple soul as they are revealed to us in his *Grace Abounding*. A single enigmatic text from the Scripture would be sufficient to "dash and abash" his spirit so that it would fall into despair "like a bird shot from the top of a tree" and leave him to go "moping into the fields".

All day long as he worked at his pots and pans the terrible sound of hell fire was never out of his ear-shot, as it roared and raged "not so very far down under ground", below the cowslip grown meadows that surrounded his cottage home. "Have ye forgot," he once cried, to his awestruck congregation, "the close, the milk house, the stable, the barn, where God did visit you?" Then he would fall to wishing that "either there had been no Hell, or that I had been a Devil, supposing they were only tormentors." He counted man to be "the most doleful of all creatures". "Blessed," he thought, "were the conditions of the birds, beasts, and fishes, for they had not a sinful nature. They were not to go to hell fire after death; they were not obnoxious to the wrath of God." "Hell!" he somewhere exclaims, "who knows that is yet alive what the torments of Hell are?" This word Hell "gives a very dreadful sound". And again in describing the miserable state of those that die unrepentant: "They go as an ox to the slaughter and as a fool to the correction of the stocks; that is both senselessly and securely. O! but being come at the gates of Hell! O! but when they see those gates set open for them. Then they roar like lions, yell like dragons, howl like dogs . . . this however must not be till they have gone out of the sight and hearing of mortals whom they do leave behind them alive in the world."

In his cottage, by his own fireside, he would be continually thrown into an "exceeding maze" by some crafty and deceptive thought. "How can you tell but that the Turks have as good scripture to prove their Mahomed Saviour as we have to prove

our Jesus is?" Presently, he would get up and leave his good wife and go into the wood shed behind his house to chop a stick, and lo! a new blasphemy would "bolt out of his heart". "How could he tell but that St. Paul, being a subtle and cunning man, might have given himself up to deceive with strong delusions?" Or, worse still, might not the Holy Scriptures themselves be but a "fable and cunning story"? At last, after many years, by dint of much studying of the Bible, "wisdom did most sweetly visit my soul." And indeed every word that comes from him has upon it something of the tone of that ancient, sober covered book, whose pages he had so constantly turned over with his hard skinned, work worn fingers.

But even after he had got possession of his soul and had become the evangelist of the district, he had his difficulties. At the time of his trial there were those who did not hesitate to liken him to Alexander the coppersmith and to suggest that he had far better leave the mending of souls and return to the soldering of his kettles and cauldrons. There were others who were not ashamed to make base insinuations against the moral character of the rough old God-intoxicated tinker. "They reported," he tells us, "with the boldest confidence that he had his misses, his whores, his bastards, yea, and even two wives at once." No wonder he was roused to speak plain words! "My foes," he stoutly asserts, "have missed their mark in thus shooting at me. I am not the man. I wish they themselves be guiltless. If all the fornicators and adulterers in England were hanged up by the neck till they be dead, I, John Bunyan, the object of their envy, would still be alive and well." And if we may be allowed to take as truth what he himself tells us with regard to his attitude towards women, we can easily understand how particularly galling to him these calumnies were. "It is a rare thing to see me carry it pleasantly towards women . . . their company alone I cannot away with. I seldom so much as to touch a woman's hand: for I think these things are not so becoming to me." Indeed, when his friends protested that such salutations were but a piece of common civility, he urged them that it was "not a comely sight". And when they in return spoke of the "holy kiss", he asked them pertinently enough, "Why they

made baulks?" "Why they did salute the most handsome and let the ill-favored go?"

And yet John Bunyan was no small, sour souled Puritan. There is evidence that his large, rough heart, being full of "a great softness and tenderness", was capable of embracing within its ample boundaries not only the person of his beloved "King Jesus" and his little blind daughter, but also the very rooks that pecked for grain in the upturned furrows of the Bedfordshire ploughed lands. "Oh," he exclaims in describing the sufferings he underwent during his imprisonment, "the thoughts of the hardships my poor blind one might go under!" And in his sermons he was never weary of exhorting his flock "to carry it lovingly towards children rather than be churlish and severe with them". "But oh! how I now loved those words that spake of a Christian's calling 'Follow me', 'Come after me,' and oh! thought I, that He would say so to me too! how gladly would I run after Him. . . . Yea, I was now so taken with the love and mercy of God that I remember I could not tell how to contain till I got home. I thought I could have spoken of His love and have told of His mercy even to the very crows that sat upon the ploughed lands before me."

There are two stories that illustrate very well the particular vein of shrewd native humor that is characteristic of him. It was his custom sometimes, when the informers were more than usually active, to go to his meeting places in disguise. On one such occasion, when he was driving along on a wagon dressed in a farm laborer's smock, he was accosted by a constable who asked him if he knew "that devil Bunyan". "Know him!" came back the answer, "you might well call him a devil if you knew him as well as I did once." Again, on being congratulated by some of his friends on the "sweet sermon" he had just preached, he replied "Aye! aye! ye need not remind me of that; for the Devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit."

And what a racy understanding of life is revealed in his *Life and Death of Mr. Badman*. It is an odd thing, but the style of this remarkable piece of writing reminds one more than any thing else of Sir Thomas Urquhart's translation of Rabelais. Mr. Badman, we learn, was most "arch in the sin of uncleanness".

"Cursing and swearing he made no more of than the telling of his fingers." "I can," he is made to say, "be religious and irreligious. . . . I can drink and wench and not be troubled for it. This I have attained with much study, care and pains." The poor, meek woman, his wife, he would call "whore, bitch, and jade", and would constantly assure her "that it was well if she missed his fingers and heels". Eventually the rascal breaks his crown from a fall he took from his horse as he came home drunk from the tavern, thereby being in jeopardy of going pell mell from "the pot to the grave". In his sickness he is seized with a most horrible fear of death, and his unhappy partner is suddenly transformed "to his dear wife, his Godly wife, his honest wife, his duck, his dear, and all". Sick bed repentances, as Bunyan declares, are seldom of more value "than the howling of a dog", and upon Mr. Badman's recovery his remorse counts for little, and his wife dies of a broken heart. Mr. Badman now marries a woman of his own kidney, but soon comes to realize that he has been "catcht", to use Bunyan's sinister word. For his new lady we are told "could fit him with cursing and swearing, give him oath for oath and curse for curse." They would fight and fly at each other like cat and dog, and so they lived she "with her rogues and he with his drabs, till they parted as poor as howlets".

The story certainly gives you an amazingly realistic glimpse of the ruder aspects of life in England at the time of the Restoration. Take for example the digression which tells of what John Bunyan himself saw take place under the rafters of the old tavern which "in Oliver's days" stood "a bow-shoot from his door". The old master of the place had a simple witted son called Ned, and it was a pastime of his to amuse his customers by getting the lad to swear at him. We are made to see the scene as if we ourselves had been present, as if we ourselves had been sitting amid the din and clatter of those far off days with the sunshine slanting down on the fields and thatched cottage roofs outside. "I have heard Ned, in his roguery, cursing his father and his father laughing thereat, most heartily and still provoking of Ned that his mirth might be increased." And then one day, all of a sudden, down fell the father in a kind of fit which "the brave fellows that

did come to the tippling house to fuddle and make merry" concluded was caused by the Devil himself having been summoned from Hell by the thoughtless words of the "innocent". Bunyan assures us that they "were horrified to see his flesh, as it was thought, gathered up in a heap about the bigness of half an egg, to the unutterable torture and affliction of the old man".

Sir Walter Scott and others have fostered the belief that John Bunyan came of gypsy forebears, but there is little evidence to support the supposition. His father is merely described as belonging to the "national religion". We know that at one time his illustrious son, believing that only Israelites were to be saved, made every effort to find some Hebrew blood in his descent, efforts which met with small encouragement from his father, the tinker, who, whatever his attitude may have been towards gypsies, had, so it appears, no ambition to be thought a Jew!

Bunyan himself somewhere writes, "I do confess myself one of the old fashioned professors that wish to fear God and honor the King." Indeed, whenever he has occasion to allude to the sovereigns of England, it is always with respect. In one passage he even goes so far as to apply the epithet "noble" to Henry VIII. There is something touching about his references to the dissolute Charles as "his gracious Prince", and this after having suffered a twelve year imprisonment, "in that he had devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to Church to hear Divine Service and was a common upholder of several unlawful meetings, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of the Kingdom."

His great work, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, was actually written in jail, between the intervals of his making "long tagged laces". And what a fund of excellent matter the book contains!

Thus I set pen to paper with delight
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white.

It was the one book beside *Robinson Crusoe* and *Don Quixote* that Dr. Johnson would have had longer. It would seem a useless task to cull quotations from a volume which contains so many admirable passages. Where could we look for writing more vigorous and unaffectedly direct than this?

Now I saw in my dream that at the end of the valley lay blood, bones, ashes and the mangled bodies of men, even of pilgrims that had gone the way formerly; and while I was musing what should be the reason, I espied a little before me a cave where two great giants POPE and PAGAN dwelt in old times; by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, etc., lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger whereat I somewhat wondered: but I have since learnt that PAGAN has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them.

Or would it be possible to find a passage of prose more chaste than the following?

Now as they were going along and talking they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a very fresh and well-favoured countenance; and as he sat by himself, he sang. Hark, said Mr. Greatheart, to what the shepherd's boy saith. . . . So they hearkened, and he said—

“He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his guide.”

Then said the guide, Do you hear him? I will dare to say, that this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet.

The Pilgrim's Progress was immediately appreciated by the poor people of England. Innumerable editions were spread broadcast and still there was a demand for more. But this sudden renown made little difference to the manner of John Bunyan's life.

He died in his sixtieth year in the house of his friend John Strudwick, a grocer at the Sign of the Star, on Snow Hill, Holborn, London. He died “like a lamb, or as men call it like a chrisom child, quietly and without fear”. “Take me, for I come to Thee!” are reported to be the last words he spoke. And surely it is not impossible to believe that in the inscrutable ordering of the Universe the ardent faith of this simple, good man, somehow, somewhere, found its justification.

LLEWELYN POWYS.

SUNDAY MORNING WALKS

BY J. BROOKS ATKINSON

PLATITUDINOUS folk say Sundays are for rest. For rest? Ah! there's the rub. "One man's meat," as the old proverb sayeth, "is another's poison." For rest in church, building fragile castles in Spain, or nodding as the sermon grows dull; for rest at home in slippered ease, reading the voluminous newspapers; for rest on the golf links, or paddling languidly on the river, or tearing over the roads in an automobile; for doing whatever soothes the soul. In those talkative and enervating days before war touched off our mad reformers, when life was "words, words, words" and idle speculation, Anatole France sought his rest Sunday mornings in the Villa Saïd, off the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, by receiving writers, artists, politicians, Spanish Anarchists, Russian Nihilists and such fashionable company. In describing those mornings Paul Gsell says that M. France, the angle of whose red skull-cap indicated the frame of his mind, tried upon this bizarre group some of his most ingenious apophthegms, putting them down in writing afterwards. A fitting manner of Sunday rest, as well as a thrifty manner of literary composition. Less cerebral fellows like Flute, Snout and myself, seek our Sunday rest afoot and light hearted on the open road.

But not without slight misgivings. Admirers of Anatole France though we be, we are perhaps skeptics, but not pagans; and since we still linger in the pale lavender scent of Boston, the summons of the meeting house does not go unheeded. No real Bostonian thus brazenly defies his ancestors. Major Henry Lee Higginson, far from a regular churchgoer, confessed to a fondness for keeping outdoors on Sundays. But in recognition of his spontaneous generosity to Boston and Harvard College, Dr. George A. Gordon once wrote to him: "I give you a free pass to the highest realms of light, if you do not go to church." Alas! we walkers three have no instinctive benevolence to fall back

upon; we squeeze our pennies reluctantly before we cast them to charity with vain flourish. Doubtless we shall reap our reward for truancy from Sunday meeting—and it will not be in heaven!

Casting about as boys for excuses for remaining away from Sabbath school, I remember the joy with which we chanced upon that commonplace of the worldly wise: that we might worship the more devoutly in woods and fields of God's creating. *Enfin!* Here logic and happiness ecstatically joined hands; thought and wish stood on the same plane of equality. But as we grow older the world seems, if not more crotchety, at least more complex. Indeed, it is. Some people doubtless need not put their tongues in their cheeks when mouthing this shop-worn phrase; people of some spiritual persuasions do actually worship the more devoutly under the open sky. But the ice water of the Puritan tithe man still runs cold in our veins. In what the evangelists call "our heart of hearts", we know just how seriously we go on Sunday walks to worship. And so must we cross our fingers when we pass the village parson, or worthy people with hymn books under their arms who, "ruffling out their cravats with a crackle of starch," look at us scornfully as we swing down the street. We are truants. We shall suffer for it. In the meantime we spend Sunday mornings on the road.

For such as we there is no virtue in walking on Sunday afternoons, when the roads are filled with mothers and fathers pushing baby-carriages, amorous fellows and girls, and "tough" adolescents who smoke cigarettes and foul the air with blasphemy—all dressed, according to the familiar phrase, in their "Sunday best". Middle class promenading! The coins in our pockets may damn us as hopelessly middle class, but intellectually and emotionally we aspire to the select. We belong to that multitudinous group whom Thackeray, had he been an American, would have called "outdoor snobs". I remember the dreary Sunday afternoon walks I took with my parents as a lad in a day when small boys wore ruffled blouses and could not so much as pick up a stone without soiling some part of their Sunday vestments. Perhaps the memory of those stiff, tormentous walks, when we passed through the woods without ever being in them, still inhibits me. No: walking in the woods is business for old

clothes. Let the dust, the briars, the mud, the burrs, fall where they may. Anaemic artifices of society cannot be reconciled with the blunt robustness of the out-of-doors; compromise ruins both parties to a bargain. In New England the finger of scorn is pointed at him who does not put on his Sunday finery after dinner. Thus society doth repress us; thus are we forced into sin: we must walk in the morning or stay at home.

Nor, at the risk of protesting too much, is that all. To our way of thinking mornings are most beautiful on Sundays. If, as sometimes happens, Flute and I spend a week-day on the road, leaving the house with lunch box and stick towards eight o'clock, we meet many sober citizens hurrying to the office, their minds already a-tune to the business of the day. A most disconcerting spectacle for idle youths who have made no mark in the world. In a society based upon competition, everyone must at least simulate industry. Even the wealthy these days keep offices and stenographers and prattle at the club about their manifold cares. Idlers have no franchise in the social assembly. Stretching our legs for a week day tramp thus stretches our sensitive conscience to the point where it begins to twinge—a vastly more painful sensation than the pricking we feel on Sundays by the church. On Sundays the clear-throated call of the open air is not challenged by the roar of worldly commerce; the red gods demand bloodshed. Then we can whip our sticks on the tall grass with perfect abandon; we can lie on our backs under the pines without thinking of the office. “Hardly a man takes a half hour’s nap after dinner,” says Thoreau, “but when he wakes up he holds up his head and asks, ‘What’s the news?’ as if the rest of mankind had stood his sentinels.” That is week day philosophy.

Our Sunday walks take us to a patch of woods, low hills and lakes, two miles from where we live, felicitously entitled the Middlesex Fells. Tradition has it that Governor Winthrop once pushed thus far from Boston through the wilderness and ate a parsimonious luncheon of bread and cheese on Bear Hill overlooking Spot Pond. That frugal meal is still commemorated in “Cheese Rock”; bless us! what sentimental folk we are. Since that time many thousands have taken their luncheon to that

precise spot, where a paternal State Government has erected an observatory, fittingly made of concrete; and a trolley line from Boston makes the journey thence more rapid and luxurious. In our philosophical moments we celebrate the virtues of this invasion of picnickers. But surely we are not to be blamed for sweeping the horizon from the top of Bear Hill at an hour when the picnickers have not yet arrived with their greasy papers and omnipresent eggshells. Sundays in summer bring hordes of them from Boston. We seldom see them in the placid coolness of the Hemlock Pool Woods, however, nor following the capricious course of Shillyshally Brook. Indeed, Governor Winthrop with his belly full of bread and cheese did not venture so far. For rumor has it that even now on moonlight nights shrieking tribes of Indians dance around huge fires in these woods and perform their savage potlatches. I went there on snowshoes one moonlight night in February and watched timidly from behind a pine. I saw nothing more fiendish than a rabbit making gauche movements across the snow.

At one time on these Sunday morning walks we were content to cover the two miles to Spot Pond, ramble indolently along the shores, bask in the sunshine, and talk aimlessly on Saddleback Hill, which overlooks the lake, and return home with the Sunday newspaper in time for dinner. Many a warm Sunday we thus had a good talk. Our apophthegms rivalled those of Anatole France, but unlike his were lost in the wind whence, in fine, they had come. But the magic spell was finally broken. For one warm June morning Snout suggested that we walk round Spot Pond, and we did so. We were not modest about our achievement when we got home. "Modesty," says James Huneker, "that virtue of the mediocre." The glory of that day, too, soon faded. Snout, who is forever suggesting and experimenting, led us one balmy morning through the varied country beyond Spot Pond, over soft bridle-paths, through oak and maple woods, to the three Winchester ponds, up Bear Hill and back home—a full ten miles before dinner. Alas! we boasted of what we had done, and that was our undoing. Admiring relatives came to expect as glowing an account every Sunday, and now nothing less than the full itinerary seems manly. Our

Sunday walks are no longer strolls; gone are the days of polite airings. For now we march at a steady pace, pass Spot Pond—once our *Ultima Thule*—with a nodding flourish, as like as not venture into the country beyond the Winchester ponds, and include a view from the top of Lawrence Observatory in Medford before we come home. No wonder we doze in our chairs after dinner.

Although the late spring and early summer are the most interesting seasons out-of-doors, alive with buds and birds, we find winter most enjoyable for Sunday morning walks. No aimless wanderers, no lovesick youths, then clutter the Fells. The city seems agreeably remote. We meet some shabby wanderers who, like ourselves, keep close watch on the seasons, and also some horseback riders who gallop with a tingle of blood through the nipping air of the morning. Our spirits are high; our energy greater; the crisp air forbids dreamy loitering. We walk the fence rails; hop, skip and jump. Indeed, from sheer excess of animal spirits we have upon occasion neglected the stairs and deliberately climbed part way up the outside of the Bear Hill Observatory. Trees may be drab and leafless, but the snow which crunches under foot glitters in the sunshine as far as we can see to the hills in southern New Hampshire. Until the ponds are frozen wild ducks bob around in the cold water. Sometimes we loiter in a little cove where the sun lies warm and strain our eyes to watch these travelers from the northern woods who keep so far from prying eyes. Occasionally we come unexpectedly upon a busy flock of them as we walk along the varying shore, hear the rush of their wings as they shoot into the air, and see them speed across the pond, dart through the trees and out of sight, and then return far down the pond to a distant cove. Theirs is a life which we in the city can little know, an eerie note in this suburban wild. A few cold nights which seal the ponds with ice, and the wild ducks are suddenly vanished. Many miles south where the waters are still open they are doubtless paddling, diving, flapping their wings, and quacking, while fishermen chop holes in the ice of the Winchester ponds and bring squirming pickerel from the black depths a few inches below. Chickadees, kinglets, goldfinches, juncos and cedarbirds swing cheerfully

through the trees in the winter; when birds are scarce they mean more than equally common birds which sing on every bush in the summer. An occasional sinister shrike is a morning's event. "Winter's for books," someone has said; it is also for bracing walks.

In summer—quite the other way. The preachers have retired to the country for their vacations; the churches have closed or combined for union services. Balmy skies, gentle breezes and cool woods draw all and sundry into the Fells for a Sunday of refreshing rest. We who have "kept the across lot routes" open and "the ravines bridged and passable in all seasons", feel like Squire Hardcastle when young Marlow and Hastings mistook his house for an inn. The Fells are exclusively ours for so many months in the year that we have somewhat hastily come to regard these fair weather visitors as intruders on our domain. For a few Sundays we try to swank about in old clothes and brave the looks of disdain which they occasion. But at length we too bow subserviently to the great god Fashion, and lo! we become innocuous park-strollers. There are compensations. Week by week we have seen the beech buds unroll and the leaves growing, and the view from Bear Hill become successively less drab until it is refreshingly green. Wood thrushes build their nests in secluded places and sing cathedral music. The ovenbirds make the woods ring with their crescendo appeal for a "teacher". Goldfinches become glorious creatures of black and yellow and swing buoyantly through the sunshine. Indigo buntings, scarlet tanagers, summer warblers, orioles, rosebreasted grosbeaks, make merry through the treetops. As the summer progresses we note each week how they sing less and less until the summer birds have gone. A few weeks of blazing foliage, a few more when the leaves go twirling to the ground, a frosty Sunday or two, and winter blows his cold breath across the lakes. And at length the first snow heaps field and highway "with a silence deep and white".

No fickle Sunday strollers are we. When Jupiter Pluvius darkens the skies with murky clouds and drenches the countryside with a sweeping barrage of rain, we button up our coats and go out into the storm. The Fells are ours as long as the rain lasts;

even the automobilists do not venture out, and the most devout leave the churches almost untenanted. The colors across Spot Pond may be dull but they are finely blended; leaden waves splash on the shores in mimic fury. And the trees bend and wave as the rain drips from their branches. On such Sundays walking in the city tries the temper. Umbrellas collapse in the wind, trouser-legs are soon soaked, and the indifference of clothes to considerations of the weather, which society stupidly cultivates, dances mockingly away. Those who go to church sit in damp clothes and boots and find the sermon interminably long. One cold Sunday morning early in the winter we walked against a storm of driving sleet until our coats and hats were stiff with ice. Even the romance of walking on such a day soon ceased to warm us. As our fingers grew stiff with cold we began to think more kindly of the fireside. The outdoors seemed up on edge; everything resisted. Wild life had taken refuge. But as we approached one of the ponds, sheltered by a rounded knoll, we saw two flocks of ducks paddling in the open water as in a frolic, quite unmindful of the storm which had driven them where ducks rarely come. And while we watched, a third flock came quacking out of the bitter storm, wheeled over our heads and around the pond as though undecided where to alight, and finally settled down in the water with a relieved flapping of the wings. We stood boldly on the shore watching them, but they went about their business or play as if quite alone. This bleak pond was their refuge, as the meeting house was the refuge of worldly sinners.

But as the months pass on I suspect we become servants to these Sunday morning walks. The tail begins to wag the dog. Begun casually in response to a natural craving for the open air, they have become a weekly duty, albeit a pleasant one. Just as stubborn men persist in sin rather than admit their wrong, and business men cling to an unprofitable enterprise rather than admit defeat, so we set out every Sunday morning as regularly as Tristram Shandy's father wound the hall clock. Not to go walking on Sunday mornings would require more explanation than to go; and not until we have spent several Sundays away from the Fells can we be sure that we are the masters. We are

become offensively sanctimonious; we believe ourselves right, and conclude illogically that all should be like us. We are impatient of those who dawdle away their precious morning hours on Sunday, and are so timid that they cannot stir out uncollared and unhatted. When we return from a spring walk, our heads filled with birds, flowers, trees, colors, smells, after we have thus gauged the season, we are intolerant of those who have been smoking in the garden. We have justified our neglect of the meeting house so long that we are almost contemptuous of it. Those who dash by in high powered motors we abuse shamefully as we breathe their dust. If Saturday comes, Sunday cannot be far behind. Walking in the serenity of that morning puts aside the petty brawls of the world more effectively than the preacher who feels that he must discuss them in a moral tone. Six days devoted to the handling of phrases, of which life is largely composed, requires at least one of feeling the solid earth under foot. Though we might be more godly on Sunday in the meeting house, we are not ungodly in the Fells.

J. BROOKS ATKINSON.

THE LITERARY DISCIPLINE — IV

BY JOHN ERSKINE

THE CULT OF THE CONTEMPORARY

I

“THE end of playing,” said Hamlet, “both at the first and now, was and is, to show the very age and body of the time, his form and presence.” It would seem that Hamlet thought the business of art was to portray the age in which the artist lived; not only to address his contemporaries, but to speak to them about themselves. The cult of the contemporary, then, in our own day could ask for no better text than this phrase of the Prince of Denmark; what a pity he uttered it so long ago!

Shakespeare did not agree with Hamlet—at least, he made some pretense to show his Elizabethan audience the form and presence of remote times and far-away countries, Rome and Athens, Denmark itself, Italy, Scotland, Bohemia, the age of King John and the Richards and the Henrys, the time and place, whatever they were, of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*. And Hamlet himself, be it noted, is hardly faithful to his theory, for when he asks the players to repeat a favorite speech of his, it turns out to be Æneas's tale to Dido. It was from a piece, he said, that pleased not the million, perhaps never had a second performance; but in the judgment of the competent and in his own opinion it was an excellent play. Perhaps the million were at the moment bred exclusively to appreciate contemporary themes; costume plays were not the fashion. Hamlet's other choice in drama is poor evidence of his æsthetic theory; the murder of Gonzago seems to have been already ancient history, but he chose it to catch the conscience of the King, since the story fitted his own household tragedy. Shall we follow the hint, and suggest that Hamlet, like Shakespeare,

really had nothing in common with those who would make contemporary life the proper substance for art? Perhaps he would not have mentioned the age and body of the time if he had not just said that the end of playing is to show scorn her own image, if indeed the purpose of his meddling with the drama at all, at that moment, had not been to sting the royal murderer into a confession of his guilt.

The cult of the contemporary follows logically from the cult of the natural. If we are to write of a life untouched with art, we can write only of life about us, as our fathers left it to us—our best of nature, the talent buried in a napkin; and if we are to use the ordinary language of men, we must use today's language, the only speech that to us is ordinary. Homer celebrated the glory of Hellenism. Did not Virgil celebrate the empire of Rome? Well then, we ought to celebrate the United States, our United States rather than the country of Washington or Jefferson; we ought to celebrate the hour and the place we know, for we ought to love what we know—New York, Boston, Chicago or the Middle West. This conclusion seems rational, but the desired enthusiasm does not follow; the celebration of the contemporary in our literature is as dreary in its results as the worship of the natural, inspired merely by a sense of some duty rather than by delight in what is portrayed. Homer's zest for Hellenism is undeniable, and the instinct is right that we too must love life as he loved it before we can write as he wrote. For the moment we postpone the question, whether we must not also live a life as noble in kind as he portrayed. Virgil, writing in a more complicated, a sadder age, nonetheless loved imperial Rome, and we are right to think that before we shall be worthy to sing of our own land, in its own grave and complex era, we must take it to heart, problems and all. "The proof of a poet," said Whitman, "shall be sternly deferred till his country absorbs him as affectionately as he absorbed it." But Whitman's own practice is a provoking comment on his saying; he succeeded remarkably in loving his land under an eternal form; the form and presence of his day he did not leave us. His poems are no guide books to Manhattan and Long Island in 1855; even his beloved ferry-boats are dateless.

In what sense, then, would Whitman have us love our country, the home of our own times, and how did Homer and Virgil, as artists, love the Greece or the Rome they knew? To be of one's age, yet to be immortal, is a problem more subtle perhaps than to achieve an art that seems natural, but it can be solved in the same way, by defining the terms of our æsthetic, and by referring them, as to a touch-stone, to what we know of our common human nature. The question can also be narrowed at the start, and very profitably, by pressing home our reflections on Hamlet's remark to the players. There is one kind of writing which does confine itself to the feature of virtue and the image of scorn, and which does indeed for that very reason limit itself always to giving the form and presence of the time—the kind of writing, that is, which indicts human nature instead of portraying it. Our better selves, our ideals, are of no time, but our faults are personal responsibilities and strictly contemporary. Satire, therefore, which holds up to merriment or to scorn what is ridiculous or base, must always take a present subject, and in general any art that leans toward the consideration of our shortcomings will lean also toward the life enacted at the moment. If Hamlet meant to trap the King, of course he would write into the old play the very murder the King had committed only three or four months ago; this would not be satire in the usual sense, but it would serve the same end, to indict the guilty and to reform the world. The cult of the contemporary, then, is proper quite literally for satire; it remains only to ask how far it is proper for art.

But is satire not art? Did not Martial and Juvenal, Dryden and Pope write highly artistic satires? There is an art of satire, we must answer, as there is an art of preaching and an art of prosecuting a criminal case. But if there is a distinction between art and morals, then satire belongs to the world of ethics, and of ethics on the grim side, rather than to the world of beauty and delight. To survey and judge the morals of one's age is a serious office that no thoughtful and sensitive person seems altogether to neglect; if the purpose of art is to make such a survey, as Hamlet seems to say, then *Twelfth Night* is hardly a masterpiece in art, and *Sandford and Merton* is certainly one. If art, on the

other hand, has for its purpose to salvage out of our crude days the truth which can be translated into beauty, and which so translated may be a joy for ever, then art will have as little as possible to do with men's faults—what faults are joys for ever?—and the kind of writing which confines itself to our frailties or our sins will be as far removed as possible from art. Moreover, the moralist desires a cure of souls, and when the fault is remedied, who will care for the satire or even understand it? It is easy enough, without taking thought, to perish with our own time, but it is one of the oldest hopes art has held out to natural man, that being purified into art he should not altogether die. But mortality is germane to satire. When we read Dryden's terrible excoriations of Og and Doeg, we can only wonder who were the human beings he hated so, and when we come to know something of their lives and characters, we are more confused to name the moral impulse in him which made it necessary to fix them in so warm a hell. In art, loving your own times does not mean loving to find fault with them.

II

A genuine love of your own time is the recognition of what you meet in it, of those best moments which crave to be made accessible even for the remotest of ages following. To immortalize any given moment, however, is to take it out of the temporary and somehow to find a language for it so general in its appeal that hereafter it may preserve in its own significance the trivial circumstances from which it first arose. Whenever a genuine love of life stirs the artist, it will be a passion for what he thinks is the best in his own day; even if he is antiquarian and takes for the object of his devotion some mediæval phase of life, it is mediævalism in his own day that he worships. Such a passion leads the writer toward the future, for since it is an ideal passion, yet to be realized, he instinctively proclaims it to posterity, or tries to; but in his search for the right language in which to utter it, he as instinctively turns to the past. To cultivate the contemporary in art is therefore as absurd as to waste effort cultivating the natural, for the present, like nature, is always with us; but the

problem for the artist is to express a vision which necessarily points toward the future in language which necessarily trails from the past. We cannot remind ourselves too often that even the single words of common speech must be used by each one of us perhaps a lifetime before they are charged with emotions or sharpened to precise meanings, and before the writer can use them with full effect they must be so charged and sharpened for all his readers. The language of poetry, moreover, is far more than single words; it is chiefly the metaphors and the legends, the characters and the episodes, which the race has met with so often that at last they suggest accurately to most men the same feelings and the same thoughts. Life at each moment may be on its way to become something to talk with, but only the rash would try to express a serious ideal through a picture of that life which is still near us and therefore still imperfectly seasoned or digested. The patriotism that Shakespeare dramatized for his audience was certainly a passion for the England of Elizabeth; that is why he expressed it through Faulconbridge, the child of Richard the Lion-Hearted, or through John of Gaunt, or through Henry V. Why didn't he put Elizabeth on his stage, with Raleigh and Spenser and Drake and Sidney? Was he blind to the glory of his own hour? He seems not to have been so, but in his own hour neither the Queen nor any of her great courtiers was as clear a figure to the emotions as time has since made them all; the sentiment of the audience would be divided as to each one of them, the adherents to Rome still perhaps cursing Henry's daughter in their hearts, the friends of Ireland perhaps cursing the poet of *The Faerie Queene*. But the wise dramatist was on safe ground, he knew, when the audience heard their common love of country issue unprejudiced from the lips of old Gaunt, who died two centuries earlier:—

This fortress, built by nature for herself,
 Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England.

When a poet turns to the past for language with which to express his love of the present or his vision of the future, he soon learns that not all epochs lend themselves with equal felicity to his purpose; he must select that aspect of the past which is adequate in nobility and energy to what he has to say, and he must select that aspect of the past which will be understood emotionally by his readers. We are prepared, everyone of us perhaps, to admit the necessity of this twofold selection, but to admit so much is to admit a good deal; it is to admit that not all epochs are equally available for the language of art, and that though we exist in our own time, it may be the part of wisdom and good taste to derive our artistic speech from another period. When Molière's hero pronounces his scorn of artificial verse and contrasts with it an old song of the people, he is rejecting a fashion that was contemporary and temporary for one that was lasting. When Homer wrote of ancient Troy, or when Virgil sang the founding of Rome, either poet was choosing the date of his story with the same taste with which he selected his theme, or selected the words of which to make his lines; he was choosing what the race after long reflection had realized was dignified, noble and true in feeling. The poet, whoever he was, who left us *The Song of Roland*, no doubt was expressing a sentiment toward France which flourished in his own day, and which may have been very foreign to the feelings of the original Roland; as in all these instances, the old story had to be changed and expurgated to make it altogether the vehicle of contemporary experience; yet he was right in taking the great figure of Roland for the outer clothing or language of his emotions, since heroic sentiments had already connected themselves with Charlemagne's peer, as they had not yet with William of Normandy, not with his immediate predecessors. In English history there have been efficient and picturesque writers in plenty, yet the poets were right who have retold their national epics in the story of Arthur rather than in the biographies of Alfred or Edward I or Cromwell, for the Arthurian legend, as the race has chosen to remember it, is of richer fabric emotionally and of a simpler structure than any nearer and more actual history could well be. Theodore Roosevelt, for all we know, may have been a greater man than Cromwell,

and time may make him seem more significant, but if the poet wishes to say things about the strenuous life, he had better say them now through the image of Cromwell, about whom our emotions are more classified; better still if he says them through the image of King Arthur, who much more than Cromwell has become a precise symbol in the imagination. Arthur was to have been the hero of Milton's epic—at least, Milton considered him for a possible hero—but the poet discarded him in favor, not of Cromwell or Hampden, but of Adam; and again the choice was wise, since Adam is still an image more universally understood than any of Milton's contemporaries, and we know what we are expected to feel when we hear his story.

To say then, that in writing, even when our purpose is art and not satire, we should express ourselves in terms of the life about us, is to lay down a formula which has been contradicted in practice by all the influential writers of the world. To find a language already widespread and therefore intelligible, the artist should always draw to some extent on the past, even though he does so unconsciously, and how far he goes back into the past should depend on what it is he wants to express. When Miss Lowell, in *Patterns*, wished to contrast a vigorous etiquette with a passionate nature beneath, she put the story in the eighteenth century—an artist's decision, since the life of that time, as we all think of it, was highly polite; the eighteenth century was as much the right word, so to say, for her idea, as our own times would have been the wrong word. But when Thackeray had satire for his purpose, as in *Vanity Fair*, he chose a period somewhat more remote than for *Pendennis* or *The Newcomes*, where his purpose was less obviously and exclusively moral; the resulting effect in each case is somewhat peculiar, since most of us, unless we count up the dates, perhaps get the impression that *Vanity Fair* was the contemporary book. In one sense it makes little difference, and we might use the illustration to indicate that the method of satire will make life in any period, however remote, seem contemporary. But we are left to wonder also whether Thackeray did not intend *Vanity Fair* to be more satirical in its effect than it actually is, and *The Newcomes* to be less so. Did the great but easy-going artist make here a careless choice of the

time for his story? At least he made none in *Henry Esmond*, where he used the age of Marlborough to express a flavor of romance that could not be said in life of a later date.

Even the writers who seem now to have been most contemporary were really not so; what seems contemporary in them are eternal aspects of life, which even in their day were old. We sometimes doubt the value of those scholarly labors which search out for us the sources, so-called, of the great poets, the residuum of earlier times which they adapted to express their genius; but these labors would be justified sufficiently by the answer they give to those who think that art speaks through contemporary life. They think that we should look in our heart and write, as Sidney did, or return directly to nature, as did Burns and Wordsworth, forgetting that when Sidney looked in his heart to write, he wrote some masterly translations and paraphrases of earlier Italian or French poems, that when Burns drew his inspiration from nature, it was to perfect old Scotch songs, already popular, and that when Wordsworth drew on his personal experience, as in the immortal lines to the cuckoo, he recast an earlier fine poem by Michael Bruce. The believers in the contemporary urge us to paint the record of our own times as immediately as Chaucer wove his neighbors into the tapestry of *The Canterbury Tales*; they do not know how many versions there were of the famous tales before Chaucer shaped them to his own purposes. Indeed, so much of the past has gone into all that we now are or say or do, that the attempt to detach ourselves from the best that has gone before is, in a way, a denial of contemporary character to our own times, or to any other period; for the quality of civilization in 1923 which distinguishes it from civilization in 1823, is the gift, for good or evil, of the hundred years in between, and to be contemporary with any moment in history is to be aware of all the past that still is articulate in that moment.

III

If a writer fails to use the past as the language with which to express his present, the reason may be that he does not know the past, or that he has theoretical objections to using it so, even

though the great writers have followed no other method. But this reason is rarely the true one. Today as at other times any sincere writer will be interested in the great examples of his art, and will find them out, and probably the same instincts will eventually show themselves in his work as in the work of his predecessors. Undoubtedly there are poets and novelists today who through a mistaken cult of the natural are striving for a strictly contemporary utterance—rejecting, that is, all that they can recognize in our speech as having a history. If their scholarship were more complete, they would have to reject even the meagre vocabulary of word, image and legend they are now content to use. But the writer who willingly would avail himself of the full inheritance in his art finds himself limited perhaps for another reason—he finds that his readers do not know the past, that many of them cultivate an ignorance of it, and that therefore, if he uses it to speak with, he may not be understood. It is part of the discipline which every art imposes on those who practice it, that they must speak in terms intelligible to their audience. It remains to ask, of course, who are the audience? and the writer, if he is sufficiently courageous, stubborn, or hopeful, may choose to address a more intelligent audience than he finds in his day, an audience who he thinks will at last recover the traditional tongue in which he speaks, and for whom it will be worth his while to wait. This may seem to some of us the only way out, but we know it is a precarious way. Such a brilliant belated justification came to the Greek classics at the Renaissance; it has come in music to such a giant as Bach, who was as we say ahead of his own day; but to expect it to come to us merely because our contemporaries do not appreciate us, is entirely too obvious a self-flattery. The sane artist will rather do his best to say what he has to say in language his day understands, and he will try also to encourage his audience in the recovery of a larger language, so that he may say more to them.

This question whether the reader has sufficient command of the inherited language of literature is always an acute one for the author; the lasting successes in literature have been made at those moments when a knowledge of the past was widespread, and the audience were as familiar with the older literature as the writers

were. Historical as Virgil seems to us in *The Æneid*, almost antiquarian, he offered to his first readers nothing they were not familiar with, and little that would not immediately kindle an emotion. In one sense then he may be said to have spoken in a contemporary language. But neither he nor his audience would have understood the doctrine that art becomes great by being contemporary, and that it becomes contemporary by discrediting the past. "To have great poets, there must be great audiences too," said Whitman, and here as elsewhere, we are coming to realize, he got at the permanent truth of the matter. And it is a sound observation of literary historians that a country exercises its impulses toward art, in any period, as much by what it reads of the older books as by what it writes; the two activities must go together if the contemporary great writer is to get a competent hearing, and they must be studied together if we are to estimate justly the culture of an epoch. In what was produced, some decades of the eighteenth century in England look to us destitute of poetry, but in those very moments Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton were widely loved, and enjoyed perhaps a more humane and significant treatment from the critics than they have often had since. The weakness of contemporary poetry in Addison's time, in Warton's and Gray's, was not that they knew the older masters, but that their practice departed so widely from them and became so contemporary. The revival in the romantic age was brought about by rejecting the kind of art the early eighteenth century wrote, and by building on the still earlier art the eighteenth century had the wisdom to love.

In our day and in our land, the question of the audience is peculiarly acute, and it has been rendered more so by the intentional efforts of those who believe that literature should be contemporary. Even without those efforts we, who come from many countries, with different race memories and with the legacy of different cultures, should have had difficulty enough to achieve a common language adequately rich in the best things of the past and welded into some continuity with our American future. If we write in those terms which to an Italian would be emotional, we shall hardly stir the pulses of a Scotchman or a Slav, and if we waken the race-memories of the Spanish or the

French, we may leave quite cold the Dutch in Pennsylvania or the Swede in Minnesota. Our first hope, to which some of us still desperately cling, is that we may lose no one of these racial inheritances, but that by a jealous conserving and study of each of them, and by teaching them all to our children, we may build up one of the richest cultures that the accidents of migration have ever permitted the race to compose. The literature of America in a thousand years would carry in its majestic overtones the essential beauty of all the civilizations that have made their entry through our ports, the essential beauty too of the wonderful Indian civilizations which our European coming dispossessed, and above these overtones, perhaps, the far-off suggestions of the Greek and Roman worlds and the immemorial East.

But this hope, whether or not it could be realized, is so far as we can see at present a fantastic dream; our progress toward it has been slight—better to be frank, we have made no progress, rather we have lost ground. There is less general culture of that sort in the United States now than there was fifty years ago. It has seemed wise to many of us, therefore, to moderate our hopes, and to aim at mastering, not all our heritages in common, but at least one tradition, and that the tradition of this country from the revolution till the present day. Such a programme might be carried out in our schools—not in the colleges, since only a fraction of the country's youth get to college, but in those early school years through which all the boys and girls may reasonably be expected to pass; and there would be nothing illogical in burdening the schools with the task, for the training of a common consciousness, cultural or otherwise, in a land of immigrants is the chief problem of elementary education. We thought, then, that we might all absorb our own past and the few decades that preceded our coming, so that hereafter the spokesmen of the nation, poets, dramatists, preachers, statesmen, might at least touch some common chords in us all by naming those who built up the opportunities we enjoy. This programme is still in force in other departments of study than literature, but the teachers of literature have been largely won over to the cult of the contemporary; so far from building up in the land a great audience for the great poets to sing to, many energetic teachers of litera-

ture are persuading their children, if persuasion is necessary, to read only books of the day, about things of the day, and by inference to neglect as really negligible anything written yesterday or written about other times and other problems than ours. Our dream of a cosmopolitan culture has shrunk in practice to an educational discipline which will make us more insular and provincial than we are already, more selfish, more contemptuous of other times and of other peoples, and still further disinherited from great art.

The movement began a few years ago in a protest against the narrow choice of books permitted by the requirements for entrance to college. Some of the schools thought they could do their best work if their teachers—and their pupils—could select the books for this arduous study; there could be some wise consulting of taste, some adaptation to special temperaments. So long as the choice was still to be made from books of recognized merit, it was unreasonable to deny this request. But the trend toward the contemporary developed quickly; if we consulted the taste and the temperament of our students, the children of many racial traditions, we found that few of the older writers were easy for them to understand; the difficulty of bridging over the gap between traditions was too great for many of our teachers to solve, or perhaps they themselves were not at home in the tradition either of the books or of the students; and the most graceful form of surrender was to study only what was easy for everybody. The process was paralleled in society outside of the school-room, in the change in ideals and in competence which overtook professed criticism in our reviews; but the heart of the matter was and still is in the centers of education.

A teacher of English in New York City recently presented the case for contemporary literature *vs.* the classics in some such argument as this: When she was in college, she said, the faculty took such an inhospitable view of the world about them that only one author, of all those they studied in literature classes, was still alive when they studied his books. She and her fellow students felt somehow cramped and cheated, not to be studying more books of which the authors were still living. In other words, whereas the critics in Mr. Shaw's play could not judge the work

till they knew who wrote it, these lovers of the contemporary could not estimate a book till they knew whether the author was in or out of the graveyard. In these better days, the teacher went on to say, she and her colleagues allow for the natural desire of their students to read what is written at the moment—a life of a prominent man like Theodore Roosevelt, the work of a columnist in the daily press, the popular plays, the most talked-of novels. Such reading, she explained, gives opportunity for ethical or social or political discussion in class; she meant, it seems, that you can argue whether the Middle West was fairly portrayed, and if so, what should be done to cure it, or whether we should have gone into the war at all, or if so, what should have been done to make the lot of the private easier, and establish the officer on a less privileged plane. Out of this open discussion of spontaneous interest in current events will come, she thought, a finer taste for the best in art.

It is obvious that the training, such as it is, which is to produce this finer taste is a training not in art at all, but in Americanization, if you choose to call it so, in sociology or in politics. These purposes are good in their place, but if they usurp the classroom where literature as an art should be taught, we need expect no aid from the schools in training us to a common culture, not at least so far as the word applies to poetry, to romance, to the drama, to the novel. We might Americanize ourselves in literature by reading our older poets—three of them, Whitman, Poe and Emerson, of influence in the whole world today; we might read our elder novelists, two of whom, Cooper and Hawthorne, at their best were among the prose poets of the nineteenth century; or we might read Parkman, an historian not likely to be surpassed for the beauty of his spirit, for the solidity of his method, and for the romantic charm of his subject, by any who will hereafter write about this land. We might read Lincoln, about whom we talk so much, and we might profitably read Jefferson and Hamilton. We might even discover the charm of the colonial records, North and South, and the heroic poetry of our frontier, as it pushed through wilderness and across plain and canyon, to face at last the Orient again and our inscrutable future. This kind of Americanization would produce

class discussion of some dignity, even though it had nothing to do immediately with the art of literature, for it would give us not only a sense of our common destiny, but an escape from our own circumstances into other days and other minds, and the cultivation of sympathy and imagination was once thought to be the office of literary study. But to discuss always and exclusively only what is under our own noses, to study a life of Mr. Roosevelt not because it is a great biography but because it is about Mr. Roosevelt, and to study novels not because they are good novels but because they are about us, is to find ourselves in the end just where we were in the beginning, with our prejudices more firmly rooted and our skin a bit thicker to any joy or sorrow in the world not our own. As for the ability to understand great writing when it comes to us, we have learned only this, that since Mr. Roosevelt lived nearer our day than Dr. Johnson, the biography of him is a better biography and a more interesting one than Boswell could write, and we need not read Boswell; and since Main Street is nearer to us than Salem, Mr. Lewis is a greater novelist than Hawthorne, and we need not read Hawthorne. Enough to know that the whole contains the part.

IV

Well then, says the teacher of current literature, there never can be any great books, for you approve of nothing contemporary, and every book, unfortunately, has to be written in its own time. Yes, in a sense, anything you write, on however remote a subject, will in a sense be of your time and will represent it; Walter Pater was expressing one phase of Victorian England when he wrote *Marius the Epicurean*. But the artist hopes to appeal to more than the present generation; even the most contemporary of our contemporaries, who read no books of which the authors are not living, cherish some ambition to have their own works read after they themselves are gone. And since the fame of a book depends on its ability to meet the interest of readers over a long period of time, the life of our works will depend on two things—on our gift for selecting the matter which is permanently interesting to men, and on the willingness or unwillingness of any generation to

be interested in the same things as its predecessors. If readers are now brought up to neglect as a matter of course any works of literature that once were loved, there will be no fame for anyone hereafter, and no masters of the art, but only in each publishing season a nine days' wonder. But if human nature still asserts its primal interests, in spite of mistaken teaching, and continues to like in the long run the same things that have been loved in the past, then the writer will finally be reckoned great who answers not the mood of his hour, but the spirit of those constant demands. He will get his inspiration from life as he knows it; he will express it in an eternal form, as we say—at least in a form so durable that instead of our understanding his work through the incident that inspired it, we shall know of the incident through the work. Molière has so immortalized one moment of his times in his *Précieuses Ridicules*; without the play, would we know much of the temporary affectation? And to be quite frank, has not something died in the play, along with what was contemporary in it, so that we enjoy it now with an historical effort not needed to be at home, let us say, with Falstaff? Tennyson really immortalized the Charge of the Light Brigade, for the incident on so many grounds has since proved regrettable that we should be glad to forget it, but for the poem, and we begin to be sorry that the poem is anchored to so much that was transitory. Our own civil war poet, Henry Howard Brownell, true genius if we ever had one, wrote his verses on the very scene, after the fights he had passed through as Farragut's secretary on the flagship, and the virulence of contemporary passion is in his work forever, an embarrassing alloy. But of the danger of being contemporary, Dante is the great illustration. It is not hard to see what an impact his great poem must have made on his first hearers, it was so immediate in its reference to persons, places, incidents, crimes and disasters which Florence, Rome and Italy well knew; but what an effort it is now to recover all those allusions to the times, indeed how impossible! We wrestle with them, if at all, because the greatness of the poem bears up their leaden weight, and the poem is great for what is least contemporary in it, for the vision which Dante drew from his masters, and which he handed on to the future in images of the past.

At least, says again the lover of current things, you must write in the language of the hour. Some beauty is lost when the poet does not speak in his native tongue, or when we cannot read him in it. Well, some languages are better than others; Greek was a better language, more precise, more varied, more forceful and more colorful, than English or any of the modern tongues. But all language changes, as the works of art in language do not; in literature we have this haunting paradox, that through a temporary medium we can build something imperishable. Much as we may dislike literature in translation, it is perhaps salutary to remember that literary masterpieces must survive in translation or not at all. In what language were the Parables spoken? If Homer were not Homer still in English or French or German, how much of Homer would the world know? Some bouquet of his own time is gone, but perhaps we should not have liked it if it had remained. At least we have kept what we liked; we have kept what suited our spiritual needs, we have loved Andromache and Hector, and wondered in the old way why such fine men as Achilles and Agamemnon should quarrel, and have decided, as all our fathers have done, that for so beautiful a woman as Helen to waste her time on so mean a fellow as Paris, there must have been queer influences at work. To live in art in this timeless way is to satisfy what is eternal in ourselves; it is to leave behind us the limitations of our hour, our place, and our language. And unless art is wide enough for us to live in it so, we shall trifle with it only for an hour, and without regret let it go the way of other contemporary things.

JOHN ERSKINE.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

A HUMANIST IN TONES

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

DOUBTLESS the tragic end of Ernest Chausson (he was killed in a bicycle accident in his forty-fourth year), combined with the lovable nature that his friends impute to him, accounts in some degree for the singular fervor which characterizes almost all that has been written of him as an æsthetic figure. Jean-Aubry declares that no one wrote music of greater purity and sincerity; Pierre de Bréville says that his heart "beat only for noble thoughts"; Camille Mauclair was reminded, in contemplating certain artistic principles held by Chausson, of the art of Puvis de Chavannes. Some of this fervor—much of it, perhaps—is to be discounted in any attempt at a cool and just appraisal of Chausson's personality as a man and a music-maker; yet one's conviction persists that the personality was remarkable, and that the artist died too soon.

Chausson seems to have been a strange blend of César Franckian mysticism, Wagnerian passion, and a kind of romanticism which an American might call MacDowelllesque. Jean-Aubry has described him as "a soul from the Round Table, from the time of elves, of water-fays, of rides through legendary forests, of love-lays and of attachments devoid of pretense, sustained upon ardor and respect: it was not by accident that Ernest Chausson made King Arthur the subject of his only stage work." Others hear in his music the swaying of branches in enchanted woods; they discover the trail that leads to Merlin's fairy hawthorn bush—"a path through the forest of legends, a new and yet a traditional avenue in the French landscape." This was his Weber-like, Raff-like, MacDowelllesque, side. The Wagnerian side of him—the ardent, sensuous, *Tristanesque* vein in his music—emerges in the passionate melancholy of the *Poème de*

l'Amour et de la Mer (Op. 19), in the *Chanson perpétuelle* (Op. 37) for voice and orchestra, and in others of the songs. The Franckism in his nature—the spiritual, aspiring, mystically rapturous side—is in the Symphony (where also is the plangent ghost of Richard of Bayreuth), in the chamber-music, and elsewhere.

But there is in the music of Chausson something that came there straight from the heart and mind of the man himself. It is a truly individual quality—an authentically personal touch: a mood, a spiritual and emotional hue, that is unmistakable. This special quality in Chausson's work is a curious thing, for which one can find no precise analogue in music. It is compounded of tenderness, ardor, and complete sincerity. If one could blend something of the elevation and fervor of César Franck, the sensibility of Schumann, the sincerity of Brahms the lyricist, a complex not unlike the musical personality of Chausson would emerge. He seems really to have been both singularly tender and what Pierre de Bréville called "noble". It takes a truly noble soul to endure that epithet; yet when Monsieur de Bréville says of Chausson's music that it is "always affectionate", that "it is saying constantly the word *cher*", and when he adds that indisposing sentence about Chausson's heart "beating only for noble thoughts", you may wince a little in commiseration for the gentle, brooding ghost of the dead composer, but you must own that there is a good deal in his music that justifies these ascriptions.

Chausson, said Camille Mauclair, in his *Souvenirs sur Ernest Chausson*, "impressed one as a man of the world, wholly without ostentation, amiable, cheerful, serene. His life was happy. He had a charming wife and five beautiful children. He was rich; his house was a marvel of taste and a treasury of art; he loved books and pictures, and collected, before they had become fashionable, canvases by Degas, Besnard, Puvis, and Carrière." But the amiable, fortunate, worldly Chausson, the rich composer, was not the essential man nor the essential artist. These outward traits masked a painful shyness, modesty, sensitiveness, and depth of feeling. His air of contented well-being, says Mauclair, dissembled *une âme douloureusement ému de la souffrance humaine*. He was devout, and a mystic, with a high and

clear conception of the necessity for pitying the tragic human soul. He was a compassionate humanitarian, a dreamer; and he had many of those elements which, Lord Dunsany has told us, go to the making of poetry: "For what is it to be a poet? It is to see at a glance the glory of the world, to see beauty in all its forms and manifestations, to feel ugliness like a pain, to resent the wrongs of others as bitterly as one's own, to know mankind as others know single men, to know nature as botanists know a flower, to be thought a fool, to hear at moments the clear voice of God."

A large order; if Chausson had come up to even half of those requirements he would have been a Bach or a Moussorgsky or a Wagner; and he was a long way from being in that class. But he had susceptibility and warmth of temperament, and the priceless quality of genuine utterance. These things found a way into his music, and speak out of it at times in beautiful and touching accents. Above all, you feel its compassionateness. From his preoccupation with a somewhat quaintly jeweled romanticism, its magicians and holy woods and spell-weaving enchantresses, its evocations of . . .

. . . the sleep that is in pools
 Among great trees, and in the wings of owls,
 And under lovers' eyelids . . . a world
 Where time is drowned in odor-laden winds
 And druid moons, and murmuring of boughs,
 And sleepy boughs, and boughs where apples made
 Of opal and ruby and pale chrysolite
 Awake unsleeping fires—

from this romantic world, the world of his *King Arthur*, of his symphonic poem *Viviane*, he turns, when he is most truly and memorably himself, to brood upon and express for us his sense of the infinite piteousness of life, of

All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old,
 The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a lumbering cart,
 The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the wintry mould . . .

Chausson felt profoundly this pathos of unshapeliness and frustration; and there are moments in his music when you realize his impassioned desire to transmute these things into beauty and

fulfilment and content; and at such moments his music has an extraordinary and endearing gentleness.

Save for a few early songs and piano pieces, his period of activity fell within the first half of the post-Wagnerian generation. He was a pupil and disciple of César Franck's; and among the group of young Frenchmen who were more or less under Franck's influence, he was, thinks Camille Mauclair,

without a doubt the most spontaneously emotional. He lacked the immense energy, the polyphonic mastery, of Vincent d'Indy, the nervous charm of Paul Dukas, the unfailing distinction of Henri Duparc, the intense, subtle, complicated strangeness of Claude Debussy. Chausson's music flows purely and serenely, without alluring gleams, fresh, lucid, equable; yet now and again achieving a profoundly human poignancy; and, like the man himself, its inspiration was of the heart rather than the head.

In the early 'eighties he entered the Paris Conservatoire as a student in the composition class of Massenet, after he had obtained a bachelor's degree at law; but he soon realized that this was a misfit, and failing to get the Prix de Rome, left to become a pupil of César Franck, with whom he studied until 1883. His symphonic poem *Viviane, d'après une légende de la Table ronde*, dates from 1882; and in this year he began, though he did not finish it until a decade later, the superb *Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer*. The songs run from the *Sept Mélodies* of Op. 2 (dated 1882 by Octave Séré), to the *Chanson perpétuelle*, for voice and orchestra, Op. 37, 1898. His chamber music comprises a trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, Op. 3 (1882), a concerto for piano, violin, and string quartet, Op. 21 (1890-91); and a piano quartet, Op. 35 (1897). He left unfinished a quartet for strings. For the theatre, he wrote incidental music to accompany Bouchor's version of *The Tempest* (Op. 18, 1888), and for the same poet's *Légende de Sainte Cécile*, Op. 22 (1892). His opera, *Le Roi Arthur*, written to his own text (Op. 23), was produced after his death: by Mottl at Karlsruhe in 1900, and at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, in 1903. In addition to these, Séré lists *Jeanne d'Arc*, "scene lyrique" for soli and women's chorus ("paroles d'un anonyme"), about 1880; music for *Les Caprices de Marianne* (Alfred de Musset), Op. 4 (1882); *Hélène*, lyric-drama after Leconte de Lisle, Op. 7 (1884-85); *Hymne Védique*

(Leconte de Lisle) for mixed chorus and orchestra, Op. 9 (1886); and, also for chorus, *Deux Duos*, Op. 11 (1883); *Chant Nuptial* (Leconte de Lisle), Op. 15 ("about 1887"); *Chant Funèbre*, Op. 28 (1897); *Ballata* (Dante), Op. 29 (1897). For orchestra, besides *Viviane* and the much played *Poème* for violin with orchestral accompaniment (Op. 25, 1896), Chausson wrote in 1886 a piece called *Solitude dans les bois*, Op. 10, which he destroyed, and *Soir de Fête*, Op. 32 (1898).

There is, finally, the Symphony in B-flat major—his only work in that form. It was completed in 1890, when Chausson was thirty-five. His master, César Franck, who died in the same year, had finished his D minor Symphony two years before. Wagner had been dead seven years. Brahms had composed all four of his symphonies. Tschaikowsky had written his first five and was soon to begin his sixth (the *Pathétique*). Richard Strauss had composed *Macbeth*, *Don Juan*, and *Tod und Verklärung*—the latter work was first performed in the year which saw the completion of Chausson's symphony. Debussy, with his string quartet, *L'Après-midi d'un faune*, and *Pelléas* still unwritten, was composing the five Baudelaire songs and the *Suite Bergamasque* for piano. Ravel was a student at the Conservatoire. The eight-year old Stravinsky was rolling marbles in Oranienbaum. Honegger was unborn.

Thus it will be seen that musical modernism as we know it today was still in its cradle, though a little restive, and murmuring ominously; but causing slight apprehension except to those who were not quite easy in the presence of Strauss's *Tod und Verklärung*. The B-flat Symphony of Chausson seems to have disturbed no one, even at its Paris production by the Société Nationale thirty-one years ago. It has taken rank securely as one of the few French symphonies of the first rank; above all, it preserves for us a rare poetic spirit,—distinguished, humane, sincere.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

ARE WE BOUND OR FREE?

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

PERUSING the other day New York's indispensable *Evening Post*, our brightening eye fell upon this sentence by the eupeptic Doctor Canby, which will surely make glad the heart of Mr. Joseph S. Auerbach, who has so often in these pages broken a lance in the cause of liberalism, and whose *Essays and Miscellanies* (Third Series)¹ has just been published. This was Dr. Canby's sentence:

"So far as literature is concerned, the . . . censorship is dead and gone; the bars are down; Americans are as free to write what they please of sex in literature, short of pornography, as the Elizabethans or the Augustans; in religion and politics they are freer. Writers have all the liberty they need; they are drunk with liberty. If there is to be any more quarreling, it must be over the limit of expression. It is out of date to attack puritanism. The question has become, where do we stop?"

This is indeed glad news. Doubtless Dr. Canby is correct. We surmise that he has in mind those several recent contests at law in which the echinodermatous Mr. Sumner failed to achieve his end of jailing Petronius for writing the *Satyricon* (was it not Mr. Sumner who sought that flagrant immoralist in *Who's Who*, and sent his sleuths to Greenwich Village with a warrant for the reprobate's arrest?). Even if scholars are not certain as to the authorship of *Petronii Arbitri Satyricon*, what was that to Mr. Sumner? It is true, as Dr. Canby records, that he was defeated in court; but he achieved an indisputable moral victory, for now the *Cena Trimalchionis*, as edited with notes and an English translation by the gifted Lowe, diffuses sweetness and light

¹*Essays and Miscellanies* (Third Series), by Joseph S. Auerbach, A. M., Litt. D. New York: Harper & Bros.

through the subway rush hour where before there was only a maleficent Hearstian dusk. At last—again to rejoice ourselves with Dr. Canby's assurance—"writers are free to express themselves honestly for readers fit to follow them. . . . The danger is no longer puritanism so called; . . . the danger lies in this freedom from all restraints." The situation cries plainly for an exhortation addressed to Mr. Sumner, does it not? The Bible House is still, we believe, printing Genesis XXXVIII and XXXIX; let Mr. Sumner perform his plain duty. Since the living, according to Dr. Canby, are free to say what they will,—having vanquished the Sumnerian dragon,—there remains only the wickedness of the past to extirpate.

But we can safely leave Tamar to look after herself—we would even match her against Mr. Sumner. It is Dr. Canby's diagnosis of the present that enchains and enchants us. Free at last!—"wirklich frei?" as Alberich used to ask with most ungracious irony. We can think of no one who will hear the news with greater satisfaction than Mr. Auerbach.

There is no exaggeration in saying that it was Mr. Auerbach's brilliant, caustic, and devastating argument against the suppression of Theodore Dreiser's novel, *The Genius* (printed in part in these pages some five years ago), which put into legal form, buttressed by precedent and commonsense, the whole case against Sumnerism as it is viewed by this generation. Consider the singular courage, the wise tolerance, that was required in 1918 of a man who was neither a radical nor an "agitator" (though to be sure all re-makers of society and of thought have been "agitators", from Christ to George Washington): consider what it meant for such a man, in such a place—a distinguished and honored citizen of New York, a great lawyer, a spokesman of the ruling classes, addressing the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, at the foot of Murray Hill—to speak these sentences:

It is not alone Mr. Dreiser's book which is on trial before you, but interests affecting the community and the State. For when the voice of conscientious, courageous protest, warning, or comment concerning law or custom or life has died out because of the injunctions of courts and the mandates of arrogant legislation, or is heard in feeble utterance because of the threat of punishment from irresponsible and officious agencies, or of obloquy from a mistaken public

opinion, men will indeed be bondsmen. The suppression of this book would be only a new manifestation of the increasing disposition of men not to desire knowledge of the Truth, provided ignorance ministers to their peace of mind. So foreboding is this tendency, that I hope Your Honors will not regard the following illustrations as irrelevant to the controversy before you.

In many ways to which I do not stop to refer, but with which all thoughtful persons are conversant, the Church itself is not, in the words of the Prophet, valiant for the truth, whilst it feeds men with the husks of creed and doctrine who famish for the nourishment of a quickening faith. . . .

Let us not deceive ourselves by regarding these thoughts as remote from this case. For to-day we of the multitude, by turning away from the Truth whenever it presents a forbidding or even an unconventional countenance, are in the degrading, perilous bondage of an intellectual formalism. It is a bondage which, by construing words to be things, emotional ideals to be ideas, creeds to be faith, superstition to be religion, appearances to be realities, . . . has brought us to the cross-roads where we must take one of two paths; that for which ignorance or craven subserviency to popular prejudice is the sign-post, or that where knowledge which is unafraid is pointing the way.

One is easy to travel, for it goes downwards with the heedless, motley crowd, but it abounds in treacherous places; while the other, even if it require the arduous journey amid prospects often disheartening, has the exhilaration of the upward climb with an undaunted company, and reaches the heights at last.

Mr. Dreiser insists that in his uncompromising portrayal of character he has invited us to see life as it is and not as some visionary souls would conceive it to be. Shall the ascetic zealot, the obsequious time-server, the professional reformer . . . be commissioned by the courts to deny to him this privilege? Nor is it extravagant to say that your favorable disposition of this case will contribute in no small measure to fortify and sustain men in the determination no longer intellectually to "halt between two opinions"—as the people of Israel, when arraigned by the prophet Elijah, were halting in their religious beliefs between Baal and Jehovah.

Extraordinary and courageous words! If, as Dr. Canby assures us, Mr. Sumner is not merely scotched but completely exterminated, a considerable share of the credit for that achievement must go to Mr. Auerbach. It is possible, of course, that to Mr. Auerbach himself the situation may wear a somewhat different aspect. He is, for one thing, not nearly so eupeptic as Dr. Canby. He is one of those rare creatures who traverse occasionally the pathway of the sun and the glimpses of the moon: a dreamer and realist in one. He has imagined an impossible world of candor and honesty and loveliness, where kind-

ness and generosity are not the indulgences of fools; but he is seasoned and shrewd and astringent enough to be aware that he still lives in a world where the stock dividends of the spiritual life are imperfectly diffused among the gentle and the genuine, and where a passion for ideal justice is honored and rewarded about as it was in the days of that fanatical Jewish proletarian who founded Dr. Canby's religion. So it may be that Mr. Auerbach, reading his *Evening Post* on the day that Dr. Canby proclaimed the demise of bigotry, puritanism, and the censorship, was not wholly comforted and assured. Perhaps he was aware of the fact that one of the most prominent and respected publishers in America still considers it necessary to submit the manuscripts of his forthcoming books to an expert in Sumneritis before he ventures to publish them. Of course this publisher may not have heard that the Society for the Suppression of Vice has sent its blessing to Mr. Cabell, Mr. Dreiser, and G. Petronius, and told them, in Dr. Canby's words, that they are "as free to write what they please of sex in literature, short of pornography, as the Elizabethans or Augustans". Or, if the publisher *has* heard of it, he may have cast a watery, suspicious, and comprehending eye on those three innocent words which we italicized in the quotation from Dr. Canby: "free to write what they please of sex in literature, *short of pornography*". That, of course (for we must now give the show heartlessly away) is Dr. Canby's little joke. The whole thing was a jest, a harmless pleasantry. For of course Dr. Canby's position is precisely that of Mr. Sumner's. Mr. Sumner has always held, and still holds, we believe, that you may write what you please of sex in literature "short of pornography". That is his whole case. That, for him, is the law and the prophets. Certainly you may write of sex in literature so long as you are not "pornographic". And who is to decide when you have achieved pornography? Why, Mr. Sumner, of course, and the Society for the Suppression of Vice—they and their kind. The Book of Genesis, *Jurgen*, G. Petronius, the finale of the second act of Wagner's *Die Walküre* (a monstrous Teutonic glorification of incest and adultery, now playing at the Metropolitan Opera House, which we take much satisfaction in bringing to Mr. Sumner's notice)—do these

things fall short of pornography or do they compass it? Mr. Sumner will decide.

We think Mr. Auerbach will agree with us that Dr. Canby has pulled a merry jest. But if it should so happen that Mr. Sumner does *not* raid the Metropolitan Opera House and hale Mr. Gatti-Casazza to the Jefferson Market Police Court the next time *Die Walküre* is performed, Richard Wagner (who, Mr. Sumner had better be informed, is dead) will have Mr. Auerbach to thank for the favor when they meet in the Elysian Fields—where the author of the *Siegfried Idyl* may be strongly tempted, we fancy, to set to music that other idyl of childhood which Mr. Auerbach's volume now delightfully preserves for us: for here, as in Wagner's magical music, "all the fountains of human tenderness are unsealed", and the fragility and sweetness and infinite pathos of certain immemorial human moments are exquisitely captured and preserved.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

DESPITE the phenomenally mild and open fall, minimizing the consumption of coal and facilitating the mining and marketing of it in an almost unprecedented degree, much distress is suffered in the metropolitan district and widely through the East from scarcity of fuel, and there have been severe criticisms and complaints of the system of distribution; circumstances which must cause regret at the interruption of the singularly efficient work of the Administration for solving the coal problem in the late summer and early fall of last year. The situation was at that time exceptionally serious because the United Mine Workers and the Railway Shopmen were on strike together; there was need of large shipments of coal to the Lake region before winter caused the suspension of navigation; and unless the country east of the Mississippi could receive regularly 7,000,000 tons a week there was almost a certainty of the closing of many great industries and consequent non-employment of tens of thousands of men. The non-union fields were shipping about 3,000,000 tons a week; an invaluable supply, though not half enough. In this national emergency, with Congress not in session, the President turned to the Interstate Commerce Commission and had it exercise its authority to classify shipments and direct the placing of railroad cars. Then, under Secretary Hoover, an organization was formed for distributing the non-union output in the most efficient manner, where it was most needed. A Federal Distribution Committee was formed, composed of coal mine operators and railroad managers, under the chairmanship of H. B. Spencer; serving without remuneration, since there was no available appropriation for their payment. Six District Committees were formed, for the various non-union fields, and the extraordinary but most felicitous and effective plan was adopted of assigning an officer of the United States Navy to each district, as the

Government's representative. The operators agreed to ship coal as directed by the Distribution Committee, at not more than the fair price prescribed by Secretary Hoover, and the Navy officers, with dictatorial power, saw to it that this was done. In spite of innumerable obstacles and embarrassments, the system worked even better than anyone had dared to expect. The shipments from non-union fields were soon increased from 3,000,000 to 6,500,000 tons a week, and could have been increased to 8,000,000 tons had the railroads been able to carry it. This achievement convinced the striking miners and shopmen that they were losing, that the country could get along without them; and was thus a potent factor in bringing the strikes to an end. The reassembling of Congress, with a prospect of its legislative action in the premises, and the ending of the strikes, brought the activities of Mr. Spencer's Federal Distribution Committee and the Navy officers to a close. What has happened since has doubtless caused many to regret that those activities were not continued. Certainly remembrance of the doings of last July, August and September, as I have recalled them, should induce a lively and lasting sense of gratitude to President Harding, to Secretary Hoover, to Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt, and to their associates, for performing with singular efficiency and without cost to the nation a duty which carried the United States through an emergency which had threatened it with immeasurable disaster.

With all possible allowance for presumably the best intentions in the world, the recent attempt at Washington to force the hand of the President and State Department—for it was nothing less—must be regarded as chiefly noteworthy for two egregious errors. One was, action without knowledge; which is even worse than talk without knowledge. A brief visit to the White House or the State Department would have given to Senators and Representatives information sufficient to restrain them from attempting action which, on receiving that information after beginning it, they were glad to abandon. The other was, the demand for conducting diplomacy in town meeting. "Open covenants" are and always have been required by the Con-

stitution; but every rational man knows that they cannot always be "openly arrived at". That does not mean, of course, that diplomacy is to be furtive and underhanded. There is a difference between secrecy and privacy. Gentlemen prefer to discuss business matters, or professional matters, or diplomatic matters, in an office or a study rather than on the street corner. In the long run it will be found best, too, to follow the Constitutional method and to let the President conduct the foreign negotiations of the country, subject to the advice and consent of the Senate for all concrete engagements. Henry Clay learned a lesson a hundred years ago as to the impropriety or unprofitableness of Congressional meddling before the fact. That the President should seek the initiative and direction of the Federation of Churches or the Council for Reduction of Armaments in his diplomatic transactions would be a counsel of madness. An organization which in one breath demands dismissal of the Army and scuttling of the Navy, and in the next clamors for the sending of a powerful Army and Navy to fight a great war at the other side of the world, rules itself out of all courts save that of Bedlam.

Our "Century of Dishonor" in dealing with the American Aborigines is happily not—or, to be cautious, not yet—to have a postlude of infamy in the spoliation of the Pueblos. I was half inclined to suspect that the attempted raid upon that people was conceived in a desire to "see" the Turks in their destruction of Armenia and "go them one better". Certainly there is not to be recalled a more insincere and sordid proposal to commit an irreparable wrong in all the discreditable annals of our Indian policies. The one splendidly heartening feature of the episode was the manner in which the whole nation seemed to rise in protest against it; for which, let us "thank God and take courage". Seldom has there been so gratifying a proof that after all the nation has a conscience.

It is easy, and very cheap, to carp at the British Government for yielding to the Turkish demand for the destruction of Armenia but standing resolutely for continued possession of the Mosul oil

fields; but I should hope that those who wish to indulge in that pastime would first very carefully and prayerfully consider some features of this country's Mexican policy in recent years. The incident is chiefly significant as a reminder of the increasingly vital importance to civilization of such natural resources as oil, coal and timber, and of the question of the proper control of them where they exist in countries incapable of developing and utilizing them. A quarter of a century ago many austere moralists were quite ready to accede to the proposition that Colombia should not be permitted to deny the commerce of the world passage across the Isthmus of Panama, and that if she would not accept equitable terms for the construction of a canal, other nations would be justified in proceeding in spite of her. The fabulous dog in the manger is never admirable. It so happens that some of the greatest deposits of natural wealth, of vital necessity to civilization, exist in the most backward and undeveloped countries. Doubtless national property rights are entitled to respect; but so are the imperative needs of the world. We are all familiar with the application of the principle of eminent domain in a State, as against individual obstreperousness. It may, some day before long, depend upon the regard which individual States have for the general welfare, whether or not there shall be applied a principle of worldwide eminent domain in behalf of civilization and humanity at large.

Another phase of the question to which I have just referred is presented in the case of the rich discoveries in the Valley of Kings, the prospect of still further unearthings of inestimable value, and the inclination of the new Egyptian Government to claim for its own everything that is found. The strict enforcement of that narrow policy would mean discouragement if not complete cessation of explorations and consequent deprivation of the world of antiquarian lore of the greatest interest. The Valley of Kings and other fields of exploration are Egyptian territory, it is true; but it would be difficult to prove the present Egyptian Government the ethical heir at law of the Pharaohs and the sole owner of treasures which belonged to another race, which have lain lost beneath the desert sand for thousands of years, and which,

so far as it is concerned, would continue to lie there forever. The course of prudence, of equity and of wisdom is for Egypt to regard herself as the mere trustee of the wealth of antiquity for the benefit of the world, and to acquiesce in the distribution of that wealth fairly, giving a generous portion to those whose skill, labor and munificence restore it to the knowledge and possession of mankind.

It would be difficult to determine which was the more obnoxious to American principles, American institutions, and the very genius of the American Republic, the "Workers' Party" of the Third Internationale, demanding the establishment of a "proletariat dictatorship", or the Ku Klux Klan, giving allegiance to an "invisible empire". Dictatorship and empire are alike detestable. These two lawless organizations are commonly regarded as being at the extremes from each other, yet it is perfectly obvious that each is an incitement to the other. There was in long past years a colloquial expression about "playing both ends against the middle". There is now need that the middle, the vast bulk of the American people, shall exert its might against these two ends, the extremists of conservative bigotry and intolerance and of radical ruthlessness and tyranny. There should be no room in the United States for masks or for red flags.

Another equally flagrant example of un-American extremes has been displayed in the supremely important field of our educational activities. At one side of the continent, in New York, we have seen impassioned campaigns for sacrosanct "freedom of teaching" which would permit officially chartered schools and even instructors in public schools to teach all sorts of Communistic, Bolshevistic and other anti-American doctrines, inspiring American children to enmity toward the American Republic and its Government. At the other side, in Oregon, we have just seen an attempt, actually embodied in enacted legislation, to compel the attendance of all children at public schools, and thus the abolition of all private schools and home instruction. It is difficult to choose between the two, in their sheer unworthiness of a place in the American

system. But though such a thing was perhaps of all things furthest from the thought and intents of the Oregon legislators, there is a significant correlation between the two. The Oregon law would practically remove children from parental control and make them the wards of the State, to be intellectually man-handled as might suit the interests of the political party in power; and that is precisely what Communists and Bolshevists demand to be done. That such a law will be held constitutional is simply inconceivable. If by miraculous chance it should be, there would be more urgent need of prompt amendment of the Constitution than we have often hitherto known.

“There are judges in Berlin”, it was said of old. It may so be said today; adding, significantly, that there are judges and judges. Of the 880 German army and navy officials whose punishment for violation of the laws of civilized warfare was demanded by the Allies, and whose just and impartial trial was promised by the German Government, six of the least important have been convicted and mildly sentenced; ninety-three, including the most conspicuous and notorious offenders, have been honorably discharged, fully absolved from censure; and it is understood that all the remaining cases are to be dropped. As the Allies acquiesce in this, not having even taken the trouble to be represented at the hearings, we must wonder what has become of those inflexible resolutions, which were so vigorously expressed at the close of the war, to insist upon the punishment of these offenders. What has caused such a change to come over the spirit of their dream? Did they misjudge these men three years ago? Or has there awakened in their hearts a spirit of forgiveness never known before? As for Germany, let it be set down for eternal remembrance that her Federal Supreme Court, on full deliberation, formally declares it to be no violation of German law to torpedo and sink hospital ships, to torpedo and sink unarmed merchant and passenger ships without warning, to bombard unprotected towns, to murder prisoners of war, and wantonly to destroy private property of non-belligerents. Therefore Eitel Fritz Hohenzollern, Tirpitz, Mackensen, Capelle, Schroeder, the destroyer of the Lusitania,

and their comrades in crime, are pronounced innocent of wrongdoing. "These be your gods, oh Israel!" I am not sure that Germany has ever been more scathingly damned than by this pronouncement of the "judges in Berlin".

Widespread and increasing comment is made upon the fact that in last fall's elections in both the United States and Great Britain, women candidates for important offices were conspicuous for their absence or, in the few cases in which they were present, for their failure of election. The result is that the sex remains, in high public life, as negligible a factor as it was before the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment. A striking contrast, which should be as instructive as striking, is thus presented to the rose-colored anticipations of a few years ago; when it was assumed that the granting of the ballot to women would instantly mean that the halls of Congress would be thronged with women Senators and Representatives, with a woman President in the near future. Those who expected such a transformation scene failed to take into account the continuing force of the inertia of ages. A law of the most revolutionary character may be enacted in a day. The habits, the customs, the modes of thought, the aptitudes for service, which have prevailed for many generations cannot be so easily or so swiftly changed. It is not reproach upon the enfranchisement of women that it has not immediately produced greater results. Perhaps it is, rather, a vindication of it, showing that there was no danger of the disastrous effects which some feared, and that it was high time for it to be enacted, in order without further delay to begin the processes which it is now seen must be protracted and deliberate before material results are produced. It is a rebuke to nothing but superficial forecasts and *trop de zèle*.

An act of noble self-sacrifice for the public good was performed by General Leonard Wood in resigning the Provostship of the University of Pennsylvania, in order to remain at the head of the Government of the Philippines. Had he made the contrary choice, and left the islands for the university, he would have been assured of a lifelong place of dignity, ease and ample emoluments.

As it is, he has chosen instead a few years of hard and dangerous work, ill paid and subject to unjust abuse, and then, since he had already resigned from the Army, retirement upon his own resources. Perhaps nothing in all his fine career has more impressively demonstrated his fitness, in spirit and in purpose, for the great place which he now fills. The University of Pennsylvania has chosen another Provost, who we may hope will serve it as well as General Wood could have done. The United States could not have chosen another Governor of the Philippines who would have served as well as he. The nation is greater than any of its institutions, and the university may well afford to have lost a probably great Provost in order that the nation might retain a certainly great Proconsul.

Attention may again profitably be called to the vital statistics of the last year for which they have been fully compiled, 1921. The Census Bureau informs us that the death rate in the nation was the lowest ever recorded since recording was begun in 1900; the figures being for the registration area which comprises 82.2 per cent of the total population of the United States. That is gratifying, as it also is that there was a marked decrease in deaths from those diseases of the lungs and heart which have long been among the deadliest of our maladies. On the other hand, it is disheartening and discreditable to record that there was a large increase in death from automobile "accidents", from suicide and from homicide. It is appalling to know that the number of the first increased from 9,103 in 1920 to 10,168 in 1921; of the second, from 8,959 to 11,136; and of the third from 6,205 to 7,545. Through these three methods, through criminality or scarcely less culpable folly, 28,849 lives were lost during the year. The salient purport of the statistics is, obviously, that the physicians are doing their work for health and life more efficiently than the police.

An auspicious further step in the development of artistic taste and culture in this country has been taken in the affiliation of several of the most practical art schools of the metropolis with New York University, and the reestablishment in that institu-

tion of the lectureship and professorship of fine arts which was first filled by the illustrious Samuel F. B. Morse. It is finely appropriate that Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield has been appointed to the lectureship, which bears the name of Morse, since he is the present President of that National Academy of which Morse was the founder and first President. The supreme significance of the movement is suggested by the fact that the professorship held by Morse was that of the Literature of the Arts of Design, and that the full name of the institution which he founded is the National Academy of Design. That word "design" implies that art culture is not to be merely for the painting of landscapes and portraits and allegorical scenes, but is to include the development of artistic taste and proficiency in architecture, furniture, colors and patterns of fabrics, and multiform decoration. For schools practically devoted to the promotion of art in trades thus to be affiliated with a great university, *pari passu* with a college of liberal arts and with great professional schools, is an achievement of singular honor and promise.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LETTERS OF FRANKLIN K. LANE. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Besides being a lively and revealing commentary upon recent political history and a source to which the historian of the future will confidently turn, the letters of Franklin K. Lane seem to present a study in personality of high significance to his countrymen; for here we have the inmost thoughts of a man continuously engaged upon the most modern of our modern problems, political and industrial.

For the purposes of such an examination as the one here briefly attempted the man's temperament may almost be eliminated. "His gay and challenging attitude toward life," writes Mrs. Lane, "expressed only one mood, for he paid, as men must, for intense buoyancy by black despairs." The alternations of mood are obvious enough in the letters, and they make the man more interesting, more human; yet where optimism is clearly the dominant feeling tone, and cheerful activity the preferred state of mind, one is entitled to regard occasional pessimism not as a freakish and temporary lapse into abnormality, but rather as a normal and reasonable thing.

Franklin K. Lane was in many respects the ideal type of modern American. He had all of the most lauded characteristics of the successful and well-liked man of to-day. He was eminently "healthy-minded" (one purposely uses here the common and popular terms); he was "broad-minded" in an unusual degree; he was "a glutton for work"; he was sincerely devoted to the ideal of "service"; he fully believed in democracy, and he revered the spirit of Lincoln. Nevertheless, one gains from his letters the impression of a man continually driven by duties too complex and multifarious for satisfactory performance; of one whose extraordinary powers are submerged in toil as in a fathomless sea and in difficulties like the waves of the ocean; of one who, more or less against his will, is painfully bound to the "Wheel of things."

The letters—which are those of a man too busy for self-consciousness, his social life and his reflections squeezed, as it were, into odd moments—are in the highest degree genuine and unaffected. Mr. Lane was a born letter writer, but not after the older fashion: he did not write as if for publication—he scarcely took the trouble to punctuate. Nothing could be farther from his mental habit than George Washington's meticulous regard for literary form and completeness, or than Benjamin Franklin's careful rhetorical self-discipline. Yet he was an instinctive letter writer. "I have a very old-fashioned love," he once wrote, "for writing from day to day what pops into my mind, contradicting each day what I said the day before and gathering from

my friends their impressions and their spirit in the same way." And in another letter he wrote: "Now I have gossiped, and preached, and prophesied, and mourned, and otherwise revealed what passes through a wandering mind in half an hour, so I send you at the close of this screed my blessing, which is a poor gift." Indeed, the perfect sincerity and spontaneity of these letters give them great charm and make them wonderfully true pictures of a personality and of the conditions by which the writer was environed—all the truer because his mind is neither freakish nor moody. Certainly one cannot charge with undue impressibility a person of whom a competent witness can say: "I have never known any one who could with equal facility follow an intricate line of thought through repeated interruptions."

It sometimes happens that, just as one may see the faint, spectral form of a comet more clearly with slightly averted vision than with direct gaze, so the *obiter dicta*, the incidental philosophy and humor of a man whose mind is perpetually occupied with weighty and definite problems, are more striking than would be anything that he might express if he set himself to compose an essay on human life. Such appears to have been the case with Lane.

"It does look to me," he wrote with unconscious profundity, "as if the problem of our generation is to be the effective discovery of some effective method by which the artificial persons whom we have created by law can be taught that they are not the creators, the owners, and the rightful managers of the government." And again, speaking of the Democrats: "As a party we are too much given to generalization." Turning to another aspect of politics he expresses an "evidential fact" thus: "The spoils system is a combination of gratitude and blackmail." The justice that resides in the plain man's criticism of the law and lawyers is aphoristically summed up in the saying, "Every lawyer knows that the law has been turned into a game of bridge whist." The essential wisdom of our wisest educators when they try to tell us why education goes wrong is thus condensed: "That is one trouble with the public school system: because we get our education for nothing we treat it as if it were worth nothing." Lane was, one may say, like many an intellectual person of to-day, subconsciously religious, and the problem of evil was really never far from his thoughts. The entire passage (page 218) beginning with the words, "The mystical hanker after something higher is religion, and yet it should not be all of religion," expresses the real enlightened modern attitude better than it has ever been expressed before in an equal number of words. The strains of life brought Lane in his later years to long for something like the tranquillity of the Buddhist faith, though he remained in essentials more Christian than most of his contemporaries.

These references to Lane's religious reflections bring one to the point of stating certain questions which grow out of a perusal of the letters—questions that it would be unfair to bring forward as constituting the chief significance of these intensely interesting documents, but which seem in a high degree important. First: Was Lane really less great or less competent than the

great men of the past—than Benjamin Franklin, let us say, or Alexander Hamilton; or was he not simply more overwhelmed with work? Second: Under modern conditions, are our leaders—the most competent, the most devoted, the most laborious—really able to lead? We have developed a type of great man whose whole life is as economically toilsome as the existence of an intellectual machine. Is it enough? Third: Must the mood of the intellectual modern man indefinitely approach that of Henry Adams?

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By James M. Beck. New York: George H. Doran Company.

At its best, the judicial mind is characterized by two faculties not shared by the majority of men—the ability to comprehend and accurately to express the broadest and most inclusive principles, and the power of weighing and comparing opposed groups of facts. In short the legal mind is, or ought to be, philosophical. As a matter of fact, of course, the legal mind is likely to be philosophical only within the limits of the law, and hence it too frequently fails to bring conviction to the mind of the layman. In order to become truly philosophic, in order to formulate accurately the tendencies and principles of politics and affairs, and adequately to sum up the facts of life, the legal mind needs to transcend itself and to be raised to the *n*th power.

This is precisely what one feels impelled to say about the mind of Mr. Beck as revealed in his several writings during a number of years. Mr. Beck possesses a transcendently legal mind, a legal mind raised to the *n*th power. It is not too much to say that his is the voice most truly expressive of sane, conservative, yet forward-looking America.

That Mr. Beck's three lectures on the Constitution of the United States, delivered in London last summer under the auspices of the University of London in the historic Hall of Gray's Inn, of which Mr. Beck is Honorary Benchers—that these lectures should be notably lucid, comprehensive and critical, is to be expected. Even so one cannot forbear to comment upon the literary art with which certain ideas, not unfamiliar yet somewhat vaguely held, are expressed. A remarkable instance is the passage upon the adaptability of our fundamental law:

"The Constitution is neither, on the one hand, a Gibraltar Rock, which wholly resists the ceaseless washing of time or circumstance, nor is it, on the other hand, a sandy beach, which is slowly destroyed by the erosion of the waves. It is rather to be likened to a floating dock, which, while firmly attached to its moorings, and not therefore the caprice of the waves, yet rises and falls with the tide of time and circumstance." Equally notable is the liberal spirit in which certain peculiarities of our constitutional system, such as the system of "Checks and balances" are discussed and criticized.

But when all is said, the most remarkable part of the book is not the three lectures upon the Constitution of the United States but the address on the

world-wide revolt against the spirit of authority (and the consequent decay of the saving spirit of Constitutionalism) delivered to the American Bar Association. Mr. Beck is not, of course, alone in sounding the note of warning. His keynote is much the same as that of Ferrero in his extraordinary book upon the decay of ancient civilization and the triumph of Christianity. It is not the originality of Mr. Beck's indictment of modern civilization that so deeply impresses one: it is its considered force, its measured conviction, its studied moderation, its weight. Here we have in fact something like a legal "opinion" upon modern society—a judgment surpassing in clearness, positiveness and authority anything else that has been written upon a grave subject often superficially discussed.

I BELIEVE IN GOD AND IN EVOLUTION. By William W. Keen, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The controversy between the Fundamentalists and their critics may be safely regarded as a mere epi-phenomenon—a curious by-product of that instinctive desire to get back to simpler ways of thinking which is brought about in some minds by the strain of living under the dominance of scientific ideas and in a civilization controlled by the machine technology. As an intellectual movement it is scarcely worth consideration, though as a social symptom it may have some special significance.

Perhaps if Dr. Keen were more deeply versed in the higher criticism than he apparently is, he would have wasted less than the little space that he has wasted upon the suggestion that Evolution may be reconciled with the Bible. Perhaps if he were as widely read a student of philosophy as he is of medicine and surgery, he would have more correctly taken the measure of the task of reconciling science with religion and would have sought more diligently for a deeper and wider synthesis.

However this may be, the fact remains that Dr. Keen, as perhaps the first authority upon vivisection in America, has accumulated within a very brief space some of the most striking evidences for the truth of Evolution—not "Darwinism"—that have ever been presented to the general reader. To the layman, only moderately familiar with recent scientific progress, these proofs are as novel, as striking, and as convincing, as are to the schoolboy the evidences of the earth's rotundity.

It is moreover really significant that Dr. Keen retains his faith in God despite his belief in Evolution. Indeed, the striking fact about religion is perhaps, after all, just this: that men like Dr. Keen do, after all, retain their belief in it. "Religion," as John Jay Chapman has said, "is indestructible." Only the abnormal specialists, the dehumanized researchers, the intellectual monstrosities, the Haeckels, seem, as a rule, to get on well without it. But the reader must not expect to find in this little book a thorough discussion of the old conflict over which Mallock and John Fiske and many another good and brilliant man has agonized.

SPEAKING OF THE TURKS. By Mufty-Zade K. Zia Bey. New York: Duffield and Company.

Most people who have travelled unconventionally in the East will tell you that the Turks are good people—and they are to be believed. Individually it appears not open to doubt that the Turks are a notably honest people, a notably clean people, a people with strong notions of respectability and of decency, a progressive and highly intellectual people. The same sort of traveller will tell you that the Armenians are good people and that the Greeks are good people—and they are to be believed. There are even to-day persons who will tell you that the Russians are good people. Nay, more! Montessori refers to the Chinese as “that splendid race of men” and Stefansson suggests that the Esquimaux are in many respects superior to those who dwell in more temperate latitudes.

Are we on the eve of arriving at better international understandings, of expanding interracial sympathies, and of getting rid of that old man of the sea, the belief in racial superiority? If so, the prospect is to be welcomed, and it may be said that books like *Speaking of the Turks* are a distinct aid in the necessary process of freeing the world from old prejudices, catch phrases, like “the terrible Turk”, and the legends of history.

Here we have, almost for the first time, the truth about Turkish social life expressed with some intimacy and authority. The author after long years of residence in America returns to Turkey with his American wife fully cognizant of American ideals and American ways, yet not wholly out of touch and not at all out of sympathy with native conditions and native thought. He is well prepared to bring out for us the essential likemindedness of the more intelligent and kindly persons who live under both civilizations. He is able effectually to pooh-pooh the conventional notions about the harem and about Turkish women. He knows how to present Turkish religious ideas as on the whole more humane and more liberal than are many types of orthodox Christianity. He endears his countrymen to us by showing us that, far from being fanatics, they are as humanly and as successfully inconsistent as are most Christians—fatalists and at the same time not fatalists, practical idealists, in short. He exhibits for our delight many noble, gentle, and courageous types of character.

Certainly there is a world of valuable truth in all this. One does not need to doubt the truth of the picture, so far as its central part, at least, is concerned. Nor does one feel inclined to question the sincerity of the author: under the circumstances a flavor of partizanship in such writing is not unpleasant and is to be approved. Nevertheless, the reader is to be warned that the book is to some extent consciously propagandist. Regularly and with malice aforethought the disreputable Levantine, Armenian, or Greek is contrasted with the respectable and high-minded Turk. Drunken and obstreperous British sailors are brought well into the foreground.

Whatever enables us to recognize in the individual Turk worthy tradition

and sound character, and whatever helps us to revise our crude ideas of Turkish social life, is of unquestionable value. The question of the hour, however, is this: Is the Turk politically capable and trustworthy? And this is a question that we should not be led into deciding upon insufficient grounds. The disquieting fact appears to be that the methods of the Young Turks were not a great advance upon those of Abdul Hamid. On the whole, *Speaking of the Turks* is a book to be chewed and digested according to the Baconian prescription, and not one to be swallowed whole.

HUMAN NATURE IN THE BIBLE. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The really important question raised by the publication of such a work as Professor Phelps's *Human Nature in the Bible* is not whether the author has written a good book according to his purpose as he conceived it, but whether such a book is needed and is likely to do good. The extraordinary thing is not that a scholar and thinker like Professor Phelps should be able to write about the Bible a book very readable, notably entertaining and instructive in a simple and obvious way. The extraordinary, not to say appalling, thing, is that a scholar and thinker like Professor Phelps should seriously decide that such a book is necessary, and that he should have condescended to write it. Professor Phelps must be perfectly aware that the sort of moral lessons he enforces are, for the most part, exceedingly commonplace and, what is worse, unimpressive. "Who knoweth not such things as these?" He must certainly perceive that a certain levity, with which he occasionally treats the characters of the Old Testament, and the very sprightliness of the humor which the publishers proclaim on the jacket, have a tendency to destroy the mood essential even to the literary appreciation of the Bible and to frustrate, especially in a generation that prefers handbooks to the "real thing", his pious hope that readers of his volume may be led to peruse the Authorized Version. As a scholar, is he entirely at ease in setting down as expressive of human nature curious acts related of the patriarchs, most probably as legends explanatory of facts in existence when the records were written, or in soberly describing a piece of unexpurgated primitive barbarism like the story of Elisha and the bears as a black stain upon the character of the prophet—even though he apologizes for this on the ground that the social conditions of the time required great stress to be laid upon respect for elders?

On the whole, the judgment which Professor Phelps passes upon our culture by the mere act of writing and causing to be published, this book is more scathing than the opinion of our civilization which Mr. Beck expresses in his address to the American Bar Association on the decadence of the spirit of respect for authority. The book appears to be the largest and most significant concession to half-culture that has been made in our time. However inoffensive, however well intentioned, however beneficial to some, the book

may be, the fact remains that it appears to represent the spirit of the Sunday newspaper at work in the domain of scholarship and religion.

Though one would fain write in the spirit of Dogberry's dictum about comparisons, one is almost constrained to add at this point, as the inevitable outcome of what has been said, the statement that a more promising effort seems to have been made by the same publishers in the publication of *The Children's Bible*—a book of selections from the Scriptures prepared by Henry A. Sherman and Charles Foster Kent. This is, in fact, the Bible, somewhat abridged, its language somewhat simplified, but not sufficiently to destroy the grandeur, the tremendous note of authority of the original. It is capable of setting up in the childish mind those vibrations of awe toward supreme authority which the Bible alone can produce, and of impressing the coming generation with the needed lesson that, when all possible has been said in favor of individualism and liberty, "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

In perhaps too splenetic a reaction against the pseudo-culture of the time one is tempted to say: Concentrate upon the children, and let those who really need such a book as *Human Nature in the Bible* go their own way!